

THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

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NO 5

ASSESSED VALUATION IS RAISED

\$2,438,96 is the Figures Giving For Lake County Property This Year

HORSES AND COWS HELP

The Montgomery Ward Estate Helps the Increase With Horses and Cows Assessed Valuation of \$40,000

The assessed valuation of Lake county this year is \$2,438,965 higher than it was last year, according to the figures of the Lake County Board of Review members who have completed their work. This is considered a phenomenal increase in the assessed valuation and will mean quite a marked reduction in the amount of taxes that will be levied in March. The assessed valuation this year is \$20,253,215. Last year it was \$17,814,320. In both of these instances it must be born in mind that these figures are the assessed valuation of the county. The whole valuation is three times that amount.

One of the things which more than anything else, helped to increase the assessed valuation of the county this year over last and preceding years was the fact that Mrs. Montgomery Ward of Highland Park, wife of the deceased mail order house king of Chicago, scheduled a large part of her estate in Lake county this year instead of in Cook county. Mr. Montgomery Ward's will was filed for probate in Lake county and this made it necessary for his belongings to be scheduled here. Something over \$6,000,000 worth of property was scheduled in Lake county by Mrs. Ward. Figuring on the basis of one-third, the assessed valuation of the Ward estate in Lake county this year is over \$2,000,000.

Another thing which raised the assessed valuation about \$40,000 was the raising in values of horses and cattle in the county. The board this year took the stand that the value of horses and cattle in Lake county should be equalized. They maintained it was not fair for the rate in one district to be higher than in another.

It was found upon examination that the average value of horses in the entire county was \$81 and cows \$33. In some townships the valuation was higher and in some places lower. Figuring on this basis, however, the valuation of horses and cattle in townships which were under the average were raised a certain per cent.

For example, if it was found that the average valuation of horses in a certain township were under the average for the county the board would deduct the difference and find what per cent this was of what was being paid and add it to the amount.

To make this more clear—if the average of a certain township were found to be \$60 on horses. This would be \$21 less than should be paid under the county average. This \$21 is practically one third of 33 per cent of \$60. Thus the value on every horse in the county would be raised one third. Thus if a man were paying taxes on the valuation of \$30 for his horse, the valuation would be raised to \$40 and not \$81 as some people have been led to believe.

Latest Society Fad

The latest fad in society is the tub cure. In this the patient arises just as the crisp air of the morning is mellowed by the first sunbeam. An ordinary washtub is then filled with hot water and soap suds, into which various articles of linen are thrown. After they are thoroughly saturated the patient takes them up one at a time and rubs them briskly up and down on a washboard placed in the tub. This is kept up until the hands, arms and face are glowing pink. The patient then goes into the open air and hangs all the linen articles on a line stretched for that purpose. The one completing the task first announces the time to the others over the telephone, and is entitled to a prize. It is exciting sport and also invigorating exercise.

Readily Found.

The man who really is looking for trouble never requires the services of an optician.—Topeka Capital.

PUBLIC SERVICE COMPANY WILL CLOSE OFFICE HERE

It is rumored about that the Public Service company are about to close their office here, as well as in many other small town along their lines. Although no official statement can as yet be obtained from the company, it is known for a certainty that they are preparing to vacate the Osmond building, which they have occupied for the past four years, and although only a couple of months ago they served notice upon George Gollwitzer to vacate the main floor of the building in order that the company might have that additional space for its office quarters, and exhibition room, now they are seeking a renter for the entire place, and in fact, at the present time have a couple of prospective tenants in view who are willing to take the place for the remainder of the lease.

Last week Mr. Harrower, who has been manager of the company's office here for some time, received notice that the company would have no further employment for him, but coupled with this announcement they gave him the privilege of taking up contract work on his own account if he wished to do so. After considering the matter he has decided to try out this proposition and will hereafter do wiring, etc., independently. Mr. Walls was also thrown out of employment at this place, but was offered a job in Waukegan, at the present time he is still undecided as to its acceptance. Mr. Hudlock is likewise laid off but in all probability he will also receive an offer of a new situation.

This move seems to be in the nature of a general retrenchment, as this same state of affairs is said to prevail at Grayslake, Barrington and Zion City as well as other places.

REPORT OF FINANCIAL CONDITIONS OF M. E. CHURCH

In view of some rumors concerning the financial condition of the Antioch M. E. church which has gained considerable currency, I regard it as my duty to give to the public an accurate and authentic statement concerning the same. And since I have finished four years of service as the pastor of this church and as I may not be here during the coming year, I feel that a few words concerning our church will be in order.

During the past four years our church has expended about \$2000 in improving the church and parsonage property; this includes the pipe organ, electric light, sanitary plumbing in church and parsonage, carpets, etc. The debt on the parsonage has all been paid. The salary of the pastor has been increased from \$1000, to \$1100 per year. During the year just closing the church has paid all of its running expenses, the pastor was paid in full \$1100, every dollar of debt anywhere against the church is paid, so we are grateful to the good people of Antioch who have enabled us to close this conference year in better shape financially than we have ever before. Besides paying all of our local expenses, our church this year has contributed \$550 to benevolences with is \$160 more than was given the previous year. Of the present membership of 154, 74 have been received by the writer, something over one half of these 74 are adults.

The church has cordially invited us to return for another year. If this should be the will of the Bishop we shall be happy to stay. If not, then I wish in this way to express my gratitude to all who by their hearty cooperation and support have made our labors in Antioch pleasant and helpful.

Sincerely yours,
Adolph O. Stixrud,
Pastor of M. E. church.

News to Advance Price

On account of the advance in price of paper, ink, etc., and in fact, everything that goes to make up a newspaper, we will, on and after January first, 1915, be obliged to raise the price of The News to \$1.50 per year, an advance of fifty cents per year over the old rate. At the same time that we advance the price, we will also double our efforts in getting out a first class, new paper, and will, we feel sure succeed in giving the money's worth of reading matter, as well as satisfaction to each and every one of our subscribers.

Before the new rate become effective we make the following offer: To any new subscriber who enters their name on our list prior to January first next, we will for one year accept the present rate, \$1.00. Or any of our old subscribers who pay up all arrearages and one year in advance, before the first of January, 1915, will also come under the old rate. Any one paying after the first of the year will be charged the new rate of \$1.50.

SCHOOL TUITION CASE IN COURT

Attorney Welch and John Pope Will Argue on Case in Supreme Court

CASE ON TUITION OF PUPILS

The Argument Covers Points: Shall Directors or Pupils Pay Tuition to County High School

Attorneys James Welch and John Pope will appear before the supreme court on Friday and argue in a case which has been appealed from the circuit court of Lake county. The case started in Fremont and involves an effort to compel a board of education to pay the tuition of pupils attending high school. A mandamus was started in circuit court last spring. A demurrer to this petition was filed and sustained by the late Judge Whitney. The supreme court will be asked to pass on the question which is one of no little interest because a decision will establish a precedent.

Two petitions for mandamus were filed in circuit court some time ago by Cooke, Pope and Pope by which the attorneys acting for parties interested sought to compel trustees and directors of two county school districts to pay the \$60 tuition fees which certain children are assessed for attending in one case the Waukegan high school. In the other, the Libertyville high school.

The principal in one case is Emma Kuebker, daughter of F. W. Kuebker of Grayslake; in the second, Fannie and Emma Cook, daughters of R. D. Cook.

The petition in the Kuebker case was directed against Mlle C. Wurtz, president of school district No. 77, George Bain, clerk and Frank Piagge director.

In the case of district 80, it was directed against Ed Underwood, president; Frederick Gross clerk and John Lube, director, this district being in Libertyville vicinity.

The petitions went on and stated that in the case of each child, she had finished the grade school course in their respective school districts and that there is no high school in the district where they may attend to acquire the higher branches of education and that's why under the new law it meant to compel them to do so, districts must provide places for students to acquire a high school education. This is the first action of the kind started in Lake county wherein a school district has been proceeded against under the law to provide a place for educating the students who have finished the eighth grade work.

In the case of both districts in question, the petition for mandamus states that the directors of the district have refused to pay the tuition necessary for the pupils to attend the school at Waukegan and this action is meant to compel them to do so.

Overstraining Virtue

The Young Men's Christian association of Chicago put the ban on tobacco. Henceforward a man who smokes and is unwilling to give up this indulgence, or lie about it, will not be welcome in any of its hotels. In making this announcement a Y. M. C. A. official says that there will be no trouble in filling the rooms of the various buildings with non-smokers. There is little doubt about that. Excellent men who do not smoke will no doubt be found in numbers in the Y. M. C. A., establishments in the future, as in the past. Nevertheless, this official attempt at prescribing a man's personal conduct to such an extent will be keenly resented by many young men of good character. Rather than have their habits thus censured, they will seek shelter elsewhere. An institution designed to help the young men of the country to better living should hesitate before it over-emphasizes the minor vices. There are many clergymen of high character who keep a box of cigars in their study, and who are constant enough, when smoking themselves, to offer a cigar to their neighbor or caller. According to the new rules Y. M. C. A., these clergymen would not be welcome in any of its dormitories. Too many restrictions defeat their own ends. To set a standard of impeccability will not serve the ends for which the Y. M. C. A., is supported. And by the way, how many of its supporters are non-smokers?

DID BOYS FIRE SHOT AT AUTO

Mrs. Murrie of Gurnee is Victim of Mysterious Shot While Riding in Auto

STRAY BULLET ENTERS ARM

The Fact That Three Boys Were Hunting in Vicinity With Rifle is Belief They Fired Shot

While driving their auto along one of the principal roads near Wadsworth on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. James Murrie of Gurnee, truck gardeners there, were victims of an accident which might have cost one or the other their life. It was due to a stray bullet fired by a careless hunter from a rifle in some nearby woods or from a rifle aimed maliciously at the occupants of the car by one of the three boys.

The bullet struck Mrs. Murrie in the elbow of her left arm, imbedding itself in such a manner that even the x-ray machine was used to locate it.

Mrs. Murrie, formerly Miss Worth daughter of Fred Worth of Waukegan, was sitting beside her husband on the seat of their garden auto truck. A shot from a rifle rang out and a moment later Mrs. Murrie almost leaped from the seat as she exclaimed: "Something hit me." It did not take long to determine that a bullet had struck Mrs. Murrie in the arm. Mr. and Mrs. Murrie hastened to the home of Dr. Jamieson where he endeavored to locate the bullet but was unable to do so so the victim was rushed to Waukegan where Dr. Bellows put the x-ray machine to work and located the piece of lead, firmly imbedded in the elbow.

It is not known whether the bullet was a stray one, from a hunter or whether it was fired by one of three boys who were sitting on the bank of the highway as the auto passed. With Mr. and Mrs. Murrie at the time were Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ames of Gurnee. The party saw three boys as they passed a certain spot. One held a rifle over his legs as they sat watching the car.

A moment later the bullet struck Mrs. Murrie. As quickly as possible Mr. Ames rushed back to where the boys had been, being of the belief that they fired the shot. They had disappeared very suddenly and this caused the conclusion that it was one of them who fired the shot and seeing the bullet had taken effect when they heard the victim scream, they had hurried off into the woods. Not a trace of the trio could be found and the Murries are of the belief that the boy fired the shot rather than thinking it was accidental.

Blanket Co. Receives Bids

The Burlington Blanket Co. has recently received requests from the French government for figures on some 500,000 pieces of horse clothing, including blankets, saddle blankets, etc., delivery to be made as soon as possible and a bid was submitted.

Last week the company received a request from the Russian government for a bid on some 100,000 horse blankets. The bid was submitted and the prospects are very bright for getting the order. Should the company be successful it will mean the present force will be greatly increased and a great deal of overtime work will be necessary. The bids submitted were for immediate acceptance as the uncertain price of raw materials makes quoting for future delivery very uncertain.

Death Comes After Long Illness

Last Friday at the home of her parents north of town occurred the death of Miss Minnie Olson. The deceased was thirty years of age and had for 28 one half years been ill and in the need of constant care. As each year passed her condition grew gradually worse and her death had been expected for some little time. The remains were taken to Chicago on Monday and placed in a vault and on Wednesday the funeral services were held in the same chapel from which other members of the family had been previously taken.

Look.

The luckiest man in the world is the man who can marry his sweetheart and have his sweetheart still.

WEATHER REPORT FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER

Sept 1914—Warmest day 90 on the 20th. Coldest 25 day on the 16th. Average temperature 60.93. Rainfall 3.93.

Sept 1913—Warmest day 98 on the 1 & 2. Coldest day 29 on the 23rd. Average temperature 62.62. Rainfall 3.10 inches.

Sept 1912—Warmest day 97 on the 5. Coldest day 34 on the 30th. Average temperature 63.81. Rainfall 2.25 inch.

Sept 1911—Warmest day 93 on the 1st. Coldest day 41 above on the 26th. Average temperature 64.36. Rainfall 6.16 inches.

Sept 1910—Warmest day 83 on the 11. Coldest day 36 on the 28th. Average temperature 61.80. Total rainfall 2.80 inches.

Sept 1909—Warmest day 88 on the 20th. Coldest day 35 on the 2nd. Average temperature 60.26. Total rainfall 3.62 inches.

Sept 1908—Warmest day 100 on the 11. Coldest day 32 on the 29. Average temperature 67.76. Rainfall 1 inch.

Sept 1907—Warmest day 93 on the 1st. Coldest day 35 above on the 25. Average temperature 62.80. Total rainfall 5.43 inches.

Sept 1906—Warmest day 94 on the 9. Coldest day 44 above on the 25th. Average temperature 67.40. Total rainfall 5.82 inch.

Sept 1905—Warmest day 90 on the 23th. Coldest day 43 above on the 26. Average temperature 54.69. Total rainfall 2.80 inches.

Sept 1904—Warmest day 83 on the 10. Coldest day 35 above on the 15. Average temperature 62.56. Rainfall 4.55 inches.

Sept 1903—Warmest day 85 on the 7. Coldest day 35 above on 23. Average temperature 61.74. Rainfall 6.35 inches.

Sept 1902—Warmest day 85 on the 8th. Coldest day 36 above on the 14. Average temperature 57.44. Total rainfall 7.35 fall inches.

FLYER ON CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL KILLS WADSWORTH MAN

Joseph Broza, aged 39 years, employed as a farm hand on a farm near Wadsworth, was instantly killed last Thursday night at 7:45 when he was struck by a north bound flyer on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad. A companion of Broza had an extremely close call. The accident happened about half a mile south of Wadsworth.

Broza and his companion were on their way home from Gurnee and were walking along the railroad track as it meant a short cut to their destination. They failed to hear the approach of the train until it was close upon them. His companion leaped and called for Broza to do likewise but he was not quick enough and he was struck and hurled violently to one side.

Neither the engineer or the fireman saw the accident apparently for there was no indication of such knowledge on their part. If they did see anything it was Broza's companion leaping to safety and they supposed it was all right.

His friend hastened to him and at once saw that he had met instant death. Then hastening on to Wadsworth he notified the authorities who went at once for the remains, which were taken to that place where the inquest was held.

"DON'T BE A KNOCKER"

If there is any chance to boom business, boom it. Don't pull a look as though you had a sour stomach. Hold up your head, smile and look for better things. Hide your little hammer and try to speak well of others, no matter how small you really know yourself to be. When a stranger drops in, jolly him. Tell him this is the greatest town on earth—and it is. Don't discourage him by speaking ill of your neighbors. Lead him to believe that he has at last struck a place where white people live. Don't knock. Help yourself along by becoming popular, and push your friends with you. It's dead easy. Be a good fellow and soon you will have a procession of followers. No man ever helped himself by knocking other people down in character and business. No man ever got rich by trying to make others believe he was the only man in town who knew anything. You can't climb the ladder of success by treading on other's corns. Keep off the corns and don't knock.

You're not the only. There are others, and they have brains and know something as well as you. There's no end of fun minding your own business. It makes others like you. Nobody gets stuck on a knocker. Don't be one or two.

LARGE PURCHASE OF LAND MADE

A. H. Craig Well Known In This Vicinity Buys Portion of William's Property

INCLUDES LOTS 1 TO 12

This Large Tract of Land is Divided into Small Lots Which Contains One-Fourth Acre With 10 1/2 Foot Alley

A recent purchase of Williams Bros., (lots 1 to 12 with other property) is to be transformed into a beautifully arranged system of platting, with Parkway avenue and other streets and alleys giving one of the most complete additions for homes that has ever been offered in any village in Illinois. As may be observed by this plat, the subdivision has been carefully planned, and, while it is only a rough farm field at the present time, yet it can be easily made into beautiful home cities.

A. H. Craig, the purchaser, and who is well known to many of our people, is to be commended for his foresight in this arrangement and the people of Antioch should be grateful for his assistance in building up our village. Mr. Craig proposes to put them up at public auction, about Oct. 17, and if necessary to sell on the installment plan with \$50 down and the balance on monthly payments.

This sale will be a great opportunity for our farmer friends to secure a lot at a reasonable price and be prepared to build a home in a desirable locality. Young men and women could use these lots as a savings bank with the knowledge that they will increase in value much faster than rate of interest, and being real estate makes a safe investment. Water and electric lights are laid the entire length of this division and can be placed in every home at little expense.

Every lot in Parkway avenue will be worth more than \$500 as soon as the park is beautified with shrubs and shade trees. This can be done with little expense, as each individual buying can devote some spare time to this work. Nothing is more beautiful the year around than the outdoor hydrangea a thousand of which with other shrubs and trees will make one of the most beautiful streets in existence. A little ingenuity, a little labor by each, and a little money for purchases will do this. Do not buy unless willing to enter into this plan of development. The foundation is laid, and it is the desire of Mr. Craig to see it carried out. It will prove a source of pleasure to you and be an ornament to the village.

Each lot contains 1/4 acre clear of streets and an alley of 10 1/2 feet, is laid for the accommodation of blocks A and B. This item of forethought will be of great convenience for back entrance, or exit. Just note the outline construction and you will see the convenience of the whole system of platting. Mr. Craig does not plan to sell every other lot as is sometimes done, and let improvements increase the value of his holdings, but will sell them all and at the same time will give the purchaser the privilege of taking the adjoining lot at the same price. This is a wise provision and will be appreciated.

Mr. Craig has a proposition to make in our next issue that is unique in its offer and exciting in its execution. Get a copy and see what it is. It is original and novel and will make the sale of lots interesting.

Platt of this subdivision will be found on page five.

No Patent on This

An Iowa farmer has devised a rat trap upon which he claims no patent but which anyone troubled with rats can use. He purchased a big galvanized iron bucket or garbage pail, and placed it in the barn. He filled it two-thirds full of water, a layer of chaffy oats an inch deep. The next morning he emptied out mixture of water, oats and drowned rats. He rebaited his trap and next morning he figured results and found that he aimlessly but with mello aforethought, had gotten rid of eighty-nine rats. He declares it will rid a barn in a short time.



The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrاندall is found murdered in a room near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the room and subsequently disappeared is suspected. Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrاندall. Feeling that the deeply hated enemy has been found, Mrs. Wrاندall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrاندall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrاندall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Mrs. Sara Wrاندall and Hetty attend the funeral of Challis Wrاندall at the home of his parents. Leslie Wrاندall, brother of Challis, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leslie's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrاندalls and arranges for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrاندall by marrying his murderer into the family. Leslie, in company with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her country place. Leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara arranges with Booth to paint a picture of Hetty, Booth has a beautiful feeling that he has seen Hetty before. Looking through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty Glynn, an English actress, who resembles her very much.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Leslie was coming out on an evening train. Booth, in commenting on this, again remarked a sharp change in Hetty's manner. They had been conversing somewhat buoyantly up to the moment he mentioned Leslie's impending visit. In a flash her manner changed. A quick but unnoticeable frown succeeded her smiles, and for some reason she suddenly relapsed into a state of reserve that was little short of sullen. He was puzzled, as he had been before.

The day was hot. Sara volunteered to take him home in the motor. An errand in the village was the excuse she gave for riding over with him. Heretofore she had sent him ever alone with the chauffeur.

She looked very handsome, very tempting, as she came down to the car.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "she is wonderful!"

He handed her into the car with the grace of a courtier, and she smiled upon him serenely, as a princess might have smiled in the days when knight-hood was in flower.

When she sat him down at his little garden gate, he put the question that had been seething in his mind all the way down the shady stretch they had traversed.

"Have you ever seen Hetty Glynn, the English actress?"

Sara was always prepared. She knew the question would come when least expected.

"Oh, yes," she replied, with interest. "Have you noticed the resemblance? They are as like as two peas in a pod. Isn't it extraordinary?"

He was a bit staggered. "I have never seen Hetty Glynn," he replied.

"Oh? You have seen photographs of her?" she inquired casually.

"What has become of her?" he asked, ignoring her question. "Is she still on the stage?"

"Heaven knows," she replied lightly. "Miss Castleton and I were speaking of her last night. We were together the last time I saw her. Who knows?"

"It's All Tommy Rot," He Growled.

She may have married into the nobility by this time. She was a very poor actress, but the loveliest thing in the world—excepting our Hetty, of course.

If he could have seen the troubled look in her eyes as she was whirled off to the village, he might not have gone about the cottage with such a blithe air. He was happier than he had been in days, and all because of Hetty Glynn!

Leslie Wrاندall did not arrive by the evening train. He telephoned late in the afternoon, not to Hetty but to Sara, to say that he was unavoidably detained and would not leave New York until the next morning. Something in his voice, in his manner of speaking, disturbed her. She went to bed that night with two sources of uneasiness threatening her peace of mind. She recalled partly

The motor met him at the station and Sara was waiting for him in the cool, awning-covered verandah as he drove up. There was a sullen, discontented look in his face. She was stretched out comfortably, lazily, in a great chaise-louche, her black little slippers peeping out at him with perfect abandonment.

"Hello," he said shortly. She gave him her hand. "Sorry I couldn't get out last night." He shook her hand rather ungraciously.

"We missed you," she said. "Pull up a chair. I was never so lazy as now. Dear me, I am afraid I'll get stout and gross."

"Spring fever," he announced. He was plainly out of sorts. "I'll stand, if you don't mind. Beautifully dressed, sitting in a hot, stuffy train."

He took a couple of turns across the porch, his eyes shifting in the eager, annoyed manner of one who seeks for something that, in the correct order of things, ought to be plainly visible.

"Picasso sit down, Leslie. You make me nervous, tramping about like that. We can't go in for half an hour or more."

"Can't go in?" he demanded, stopping before her. He began to pull at his little moustache.

"No. Hetty's posing. They won't permit even me to disturb them."

He glared. With a final, almost dramatic twist he gave over jerking at his moustache, and grabbed up a chair, which he put down beside her with a vehemence that spoke plainer than words.

"I say," he began, scowling in the direction of the doorway, "how long is he going to be at this ally job?"

"Silly job? Why, it is to be a masterpiece," she cried.

"I asked you how long?"

"Oh, how can I tell? Weeks, perhaps. One can't prod a genius."

"It's all Tommy Rot," he growled. "I suppose I'd better take the next train back to town."

"Don't you like talking with me?" she inquired, with a pout.

"Of course I do," he made haste to say. "But do you mean to say they won't let anybody in where—Oh, I say! This is rich!"

"Spectators upset the muse, or words to that effect."

He stared gloomily at his cigarette case for a moment. Then he carefully selected a cigarette and tapped it on the back of his hand.

"See here, Sara, I'm going to get this off my chest," he said bluntly. "I've been thinking it over all week. I don't like this portrait painting nonsense."

"Dear me! Didn't you suggest it?" she inquired innocently, but all the time her heart was beating violent time to the song of triumph.

He was jealous. It was what she wanted, what she had hoped for all along. Her purpose now was to encourage the ugly flame that tortured him, to fan it into fury, to make it unendurable. She knew him well! His supreme egotism could not withstand an attack upon its complacency. Like all the Wrاندalls, he had the habit of thinking too well of himself. He possessed a clearly-defined sense of humor, but it did not begin to include self-sacrifice among its endowments. He had never been able to laugh at himself for the excellent reason that some things were truly sacred to him. She realized this, and promptly laughed at him. He stiffened.

"Don't snicker, Sara," he growled. He took time to light his cigarette, and at the same time to consider his answer to her question. "In a way, yes, I suggested a sort of portrait, of course. A sketchy thing, something like that, you know. But not an all-summer operation."

"But she doesn't mind," explained Sara. "In fact, she is enjoying it. She and Mr. Booth got on famously together."

"She likes him, eh?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't she like him? He is adorable."

He threw his cigarette over the railing. "Come here every day, I suppose?"

"My dear Leslie, he is to do me as soon as he has finished with her. I don't like your manner."

"Oh," he said in a dull sort of wonder. No one had ever cut him short in just that way before. "What's up, Sara? Have I done anything out of the way?"

"You are very touchy, it seems to me."

"I'm sure about this confounded portrait monopoly."

"I'm sorry, Leslie. I suppose you will have to give in, however. We are three to one against you—Hetty, Mr. Booth and I."

"I see," he said, rather blankly. Then he drew his chair closer. "See here, Sara, you know I'm terribly keen about her. I think about her, I dream about her. I—oh, well, here it is in a nutshell: I'm in love with her. Now do you understand?"

"I don't see how you could help being in love with her," she said calmly. "I believe it is a habit men have where she is concerned."

"You're not surprised?" he cried, himself surprised.

"Not in the least."

"I mean to ask her to marry me."

He announced with finality. This was intended to bowl her over completely. She looked at him for an instant, and then shook her head. "I'd like to be able to wish you good-luck."

He stared. "You don't mean to say she'd be fool enough—" he began incredulously, but caught himself up in time. "Of course, I'd have to take my chances," he concluded, with more humility than she had ever seen him display. "Do you know of any one else?"

"No," she said seriously. "She doesn't confide in me to that extent, I fear. I've never asked."

"Do you think there was any one back there in England?" He put it in the past tense, so, to speak, as if there could be no question about the present.

"Oh, I dare say."

He was regaining his complacency. "That's neither here nor there," he declared. "The thing I want you to do, Sara, is to rush this confounded portrait! I don't like the idea, not a little bit."

"I don't blame you for being afraid of the attractive Mr. Booth," she said, with a significant lifting of her eyebrows.

"I'm going to have it over with before I go up to town, my dear girl," he announced, in a matter-of-fact way. "I've given the whole situation a decent sort of a look, and I've made up my mind to do it. I'm not the sort, you know, to delay matters once my mind's made up. By Jove, Sara, you ought to be pleased. I'm not such a rotten catch, if I do say it who should?"

She was perfectly still for a long time, so still that she did not appear to be breathing. Her eyes grew darker, more mysterious. If he had taken the pains to notice, he would have seen that her fingers were rigid.

"I am pleased," she said, very gently. She could have shrieked the words. How she hated all these snug Wrاندalls!

"I came to the decision yesterday," he went on, tapping the arm of the chair with his finger tips, as if timing his words with care and precision. "Spoke to dad about it at lunch. I was coming out on the five o'clock, as I'd planned, but he seemed to think I'd better talk it over with the motor first. Not that she would be likely to kick up a row, you know, but—well, for policy's sake. See what I mean? Decent thing to do, you know. She never quite got over the way you and Chalotte made a march on her. God knows I'm not like Chalotte."

Her eyes narrowed again. "No," she said, "you are not like your brother."

"Chalotte was all right, mind you, in what he did," he added hastily, noting the look. "I would do the same, 'pen my soul I would, if there were any senseless objections raised in my case. But, of course, it was right for me to talk it over with her, just the same. So I stayed in and gave them all the chance to say what they thought of me—and, incidentally, of Hetty. Quite the decent thing, don't you think? A fellow's mother is his mother, after all. See what I mean?"

"She is quite satisfied, then, that you are not throwing yourself away on Miss Castleton," said Sara, with a deep breath, which he mistook for a sigh.

"Oh, trust mother to nose into things. She knows Miss Castleton's pedigree from the ground up. There's DeBrett, you see. What's more, you can't fool her in a pinch. She knows blood when she sees it. Father hasn't the same sense of proportion, however. He says you never can tell."

Sara was startled. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, it's nothing to speak of; only a way he has of grinding mother once in a while. He uses you as an example to prove that you never can tell, and mother has to admit that he's right. You have upset every one of her pet theories. She sees it now, but—when? She couldn't see it in the old days, could she?"

"I fear not," said she in a low voice. Her eyes smoldered. "It is quite natural that she should not want you to make the mistake your brother made."

"Oh, please don't put it that way, Sara. You make me feel like a confounded prig, because that's what it comes to, with them, don't you know. And yet my attitude has always been clear to them where you're concerned. I was strong for you from the beginning. All that ally rot about—"

"Please, please!" she burst out, quivering all over.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "You—yes, you know how I mean it, dear girl."

"Please leave me out of it, Leslie," she said, collecting herself. After a moment she went on calmly: "And as you are going to marry my poor little Hetty, and they are all pleased with the arrangement—"

"If she'll have me," he said with a wink, as if to say there wasn't any use doubting it. "They're tickled to death."

"The Murgatroyds go back to old Henry, straight as a plummet. 'Gad, what Vivvy doesn't know about British aristocracy isn't worth knowing. She looked it up the time they tried to convince her she ought to marry the duke. But she's fond of Hetty. She says, she's a darling. She's right; Hetty is too good for me."

Sara swished her gown about and rose gracefully from the chaise-louche. Extending her hand to him she said, and he was never to forget the deep thrill in her voice:

"Well, I wish you good luck, Leslie. Don't take no for an answer."

"Lord, if she should say no," he gasped, confronted by the possibility of such stupidity on Hetty's part. "You don't think she will?"

Her answer was a smile of doubt, the effect of which was to destroy his tranquility for hours.

"It is time for luncheon. I suppose



He Blinked in Astonishment.

we'll have to interrupt them. Perhaps it is just as well, for your sake," she said tautly.

He grinned, but it was a sickly effort. "You're the one to spoil anything of that sort," he said, with some asperity.

"Certainly," he said with so much meaning in the word that she flushed. Hetty and Booth came into view at that instant. The painter was laying a soft, filmy scarf over the girl's bare shoulders as he followed close behind her.

"Hello!" he cried, catching sight of Wrاندall. "Train late, old chap? We've been expecting you for the last hour. How are you?"

He came up with a frank, genuine smile of pleasure on his lips, his hand extended. Leslie rose to the occasion. His self-esteem was larger than his grievances. He shook Booth's hand heartily, almost exuberantly.

"Didn't want to disturb you, Brandy," he cried, cheerily. "Besides, Sara wouldn't let me." He then passed on to Hetty, who had lagged behind. Bending low over her hand, he said something commonplace in a very low tone, at the same time looking slyly out of the corner of his eye to see if Booth was taking it all in. Finding that his friend was regarding him rather fixedly, he obeyed a sudden impulse and raised the girl's slim hand to his lips. As suddenly he released her fingers and straightened up with a look of surprise in his eyes; he had distinctly heard the agitated catch in her throat. She was saying, "He, in turn, took to watching her covertly. At no time did her expression change. For reasons of his own, he did not attempt to draw her into the conversation, fascinated as he was by the study of that beautiful, emotionless face. Once he had the queer sensation of feeling, rather than seeing, a haunted look in her eyes, but he put it down to fancy on his part.

And Leslie babbled on in blissful ignorance of, not to say disregard for, this strange ghost at the feast, for, to Booth's mind, the ghost of Challis Wrاندall was there.

Turning to Miss Castleton with a significant look in his eyes, meant to call her attention to Mrs. Wrاندall, he was amazed to find that every vestige of color had gone from the girl's face. She was listening to Wrاندall and replying in monosyllables, but that she was aware of the other woman's abstraction was not for an instant to be doubted. Suddenly, after a quick glance at Sara's face, she looked squarely into Booth's eyes, and he saw in hers an expression of actual concern. It not alarm.

Leslie was in the middle of a sentence when Sara laughed aloud, without excuse or reason. The next instant she was looking from one to the other in a dazed sort of way, as if coming out of a dream.

Wrاندall turned scarlet. There had been nothing in his remarks to call for a laugh, he was quite sure of that. Flushing slightly, she murmured something about having thought of an amusing story, and begged him to go on, she wouldn't be rude again.

He had little rest for continuing the subject and sullenly disposed of it in a word or two.

"If you hate the trains so much, why don't you try volplaning down from the Metropolitan tower?" demanded Booth in response. "It's a glorious way against the beauty of having to go about in railway coaches with a lot of red-eyed, nose-blowing people who hadn't got used to their spring underwear yet."

"Singular suggestion, I must say,"

he exclaimed. "You must be eager to see my life blood scattered all over creation. But, speaking of volplaning, I've had three lessons this week. Next week Branson says I'll be flying like a gull. 'Gad, it's wonderful. I've had two tumbles, that's all—little ones, of course—not result a barked knee and a peeled elbow."

"Watch out you're not flying like an angel before you get through with it, Les," cautioned the painter. "I see that a well-known society leader in Chicago was killed yesterday."

"Oh, I love the danger there is in it," said Wrاندall carelessly. "That's what gives zest to the sport."

"I love it, too," said Hetty, her eyes gleaming. "The glorious feel of the wind as you rush through it! And yet one seems to be standing perfectly still in the air when one is half a mile high and going fifty miles an hour. Oh, it is wonderful, Mr. Wrاندall."

"I'll take you out in a week or two. Miss Castleton, if you'll trust yourself with me."

"I will go," she announced promptly. Booth frowned. "Better wait a bit," he counseled. "Risky business. Miss Castleton, flying about with fadgelings."

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"Oh, come now!" expostulated Wrاندall with some heat. "Don't be a wet blanket, old man."

"I was merely suggesting she'd better wait till you've got used to your wings."

"Jimmy Van Winkle took his wife with him the third time up," said Leslie, as if that were the last word in aeroplaning.

"It's common report that she keeps Jimmy level, no matter where she's got him," retorted Booth.

"I dare say Miss Castleton can hold me level," said Leslie, with a profound bow to her. "Can't you, Miss Castleton?"

She smiled. "Oh, as for that, Mr. Wrاندall, I think we can all trust you to cling pretty closely to your own level."

"Rather ambiguous, that," he remarked dubiously.

"She means you never get below it, Leslie," said Booth, enjoying himself.

"That's the one great principle in aeroplaning," said Wrاندall, quick to recover. "Vivian says I'll break my neck some day, but admit it will be a heroic way of doing it. Much nobler than pitching out of an automobile or catapulting over a horse's head in Central park."

He paused for effect before venturing his next conclusion. "It must be ineffably sublime, being squashed—or is it squashed?—after a drop of a mile or so, isn't it?"

He looked to see Miss Castleton wince, and was somewhat dashed to find that she was looking out of the window, quite oblivious to the peril he was in figuratively for her special consideration.

Booth was neatly reminded that the term "prig" as applied to Leslie was a misnomer; he hated the thought of the other word, which reflectively he rhymed with "pad."

It occurred to him early in the course of this one-sided discussion that the hostess was making no effort to take part in it, whether from lack of interest or because of its frivolous nature he was, of course, unable to determine. Later, he was struck by the curious pallor of her face, and the lack-luster expression of her eyes. She seldom removed her gaze from Wrاندall's face, and yet there persisted in the observer's mind the rather uneasy impression that she did not hear a word her brother-in-law was saying. He, in turn, took to watching her covertly. At no time did her expression change. For reasons of his own, he did not attempt to draw her into the conversation, fascinated as he was by the study of that beautiful, emotionless face. Once he had the queer sensation of feeling, rather than seeing, a haunted look in her eyes, but he put it down to fancy on his part.

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"What the devil was there to laugh at, Brandy?" he demanded of his friend after the women had left them together on the porch a few minutes later. Hetty had gone upstairs with Mrs. Wrاندall, her arm clasped tightly about the older woman's waist.

"I dare say she was thinking about you falling a mile or two," said Booth pleasantly.

But he was perplexed.

CHAPTER X.

Man Proposes.

The young men cooled their heels for an hour before word was brought down to them that Mrs. Wrاندall begged to be excused for the afternoon on account of a severe headache. Miss Castleton was with her, but would be down later on. Meanwhile they were to make themselves at home, and so on and so forth.

Booth took his departure, leaving Leslie in sole possession of the porch. He was restless, nervous, excited; half-afraid to stay there and face Hetty with the proposal he was determined to make, and wholly afraid to forsake the porch and run the risk of missing her altogether if she came down as signalled. Several things disturbed him. One was Hetty's deplorable failure to hang on his words as he had foolishly expected her to do; and then there was that very disquieting laugh of Sara's. A hundred times over he repeated to himself that sickening question: "What the devil was there to laugh at?" and no answer suggested itself. He was decidedly cross about it.

Another hour passed. His heels were quite cool by this time, but his blood was boiling. This was a dove of a way to treat a fellow who had gone to the trouble to come all the way out in a stuffy train, by Jove, it was! With considerable asperity he rang for a servant and commanded him to fetch a time table, and to be quick about it, as there might be a train leaving before he could get back if it took him as long to find it as it took other people to remember their obligations! His sarcasm failed to impress Murray, who said he thought there was a schedule in Mrs. Wrاندall's room, and he'd get it as soon as the way was clear, if Mr. Wrاندall didn't mind waiting.

"If I minded waiting," snapped Leslie, "I wouldn't be here now."

"As the footman was leaving, Sara's automobile whirled up to the portecochere."

"Who is going out, Murray?" he called in surprise.

"Miss Castleton, sir. For the air, sir."

"The dove you say!" gasped the harassed Mr. Wrاندall. It was a pretty kettle of fish!

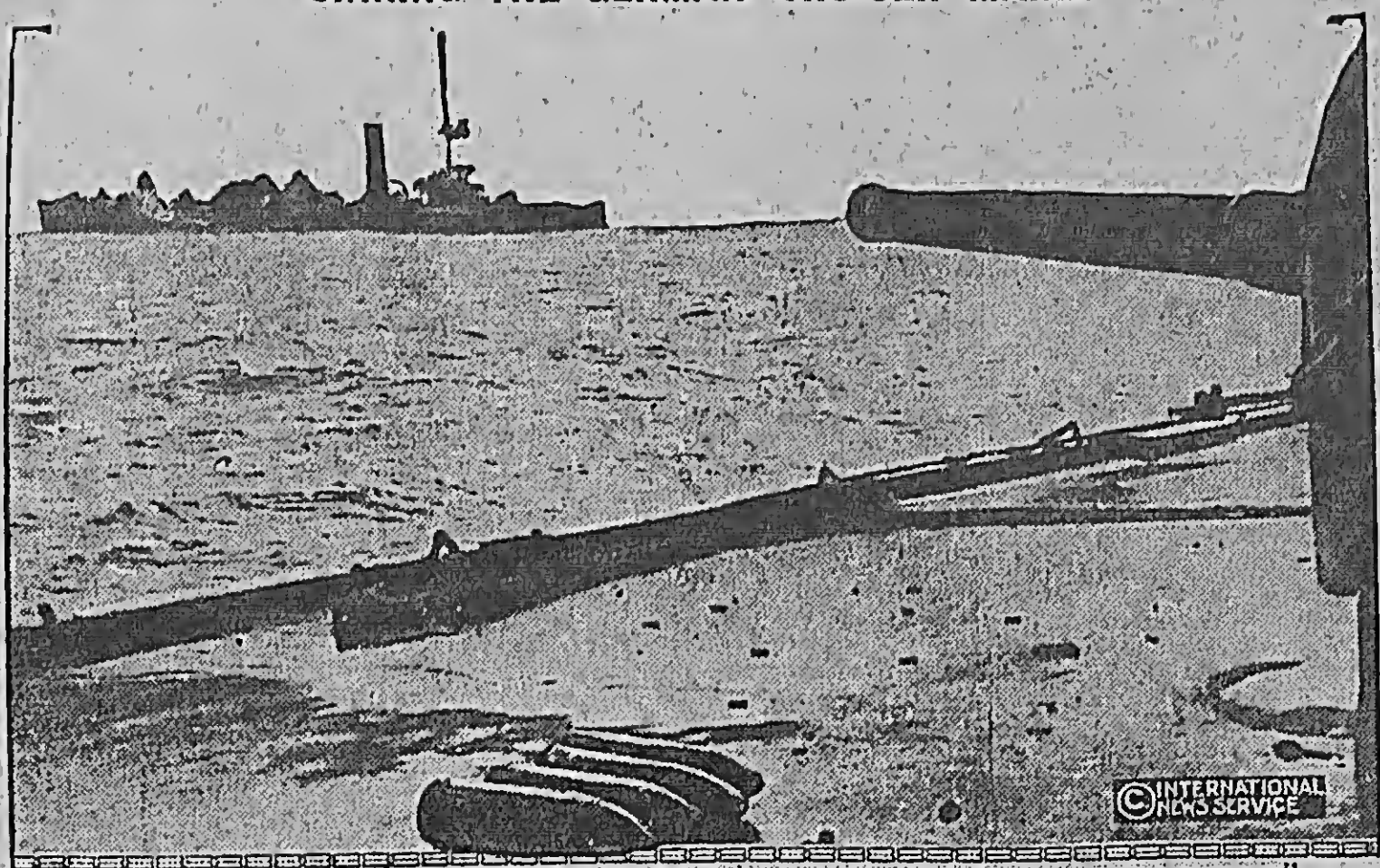
Hetty appeared a few minutes later, attired for motor.

"Oh, there you are," she said, spying him. "I am going for a spin. Want to come along?"

He swallowed hard. The ends of his moustache described a pair of absolutely horizontal exclamation points. "If you don't mind being encumbered," he remarked sourly.

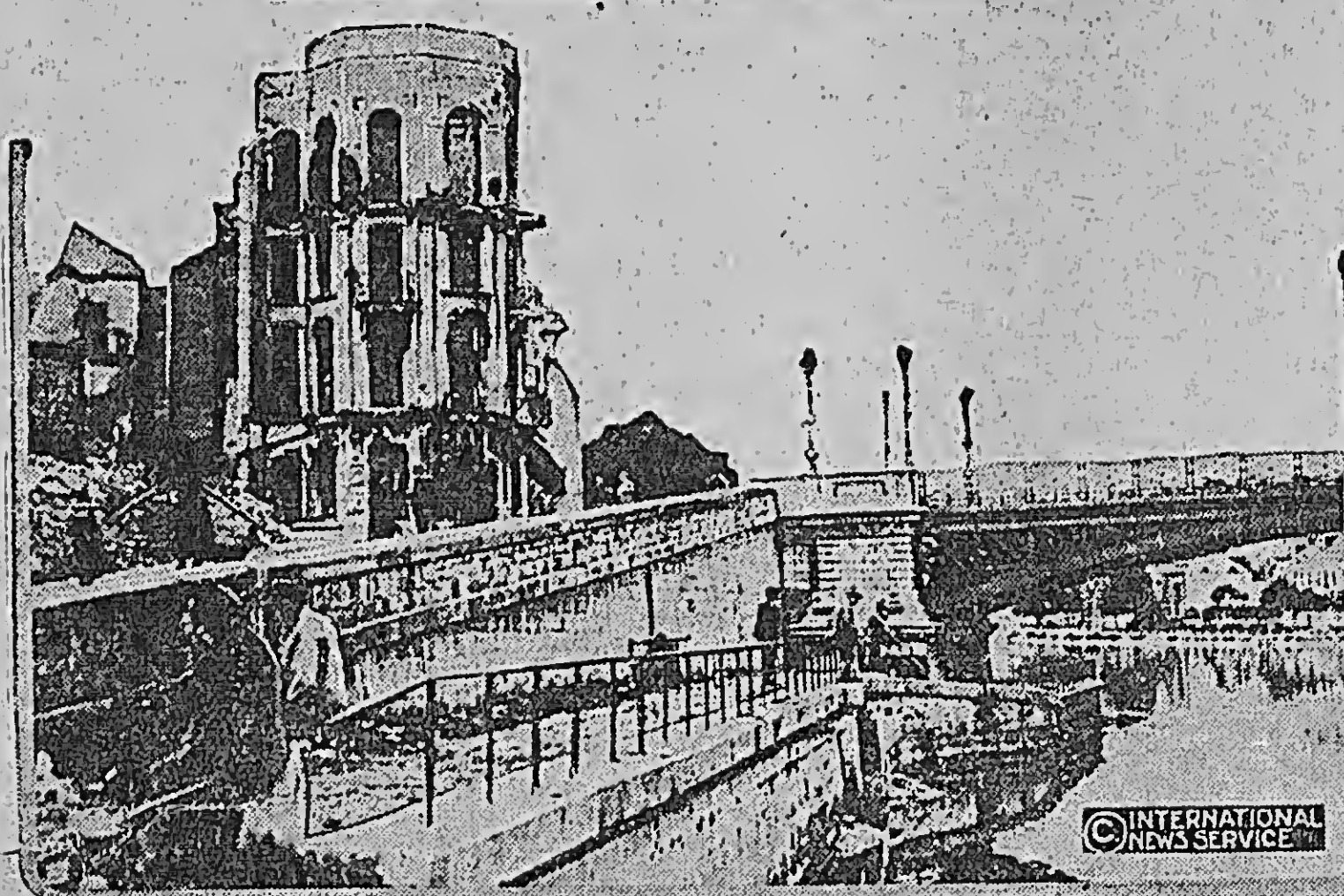
"I don't in the least mind," said she sweetly.

SINKING THE GERMAN CRUISER MAINZ



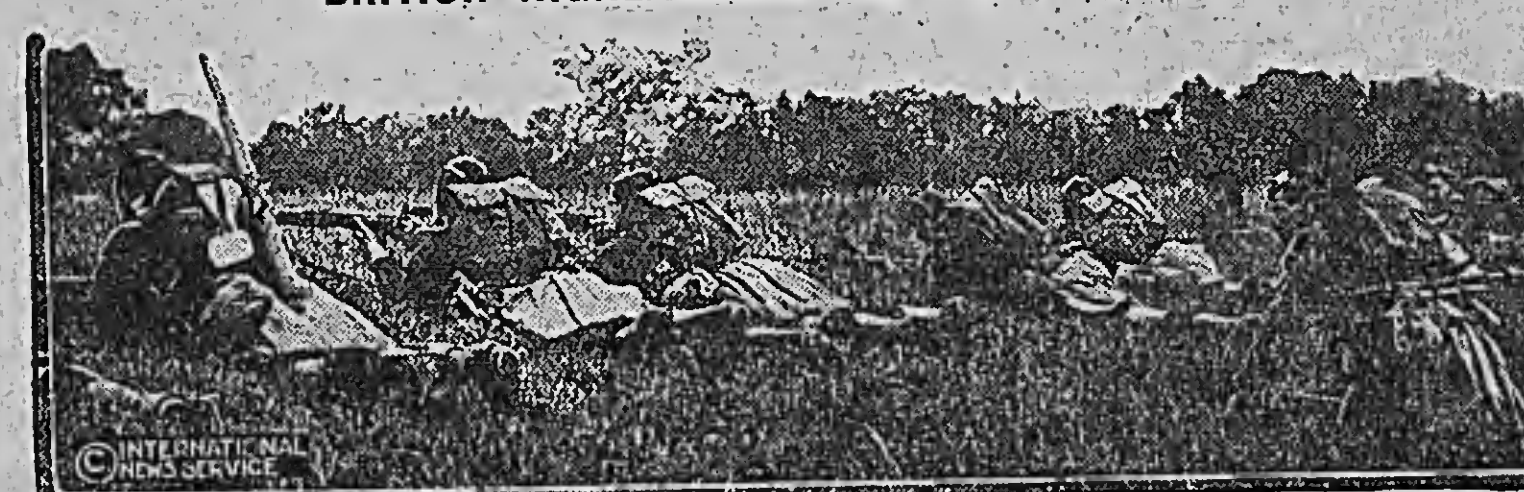
This photograph, taken from a British cruiser, shows the German cruiser Mainz sinking during the naval engagement off Heligoland. Her two funnels and two of her masts had been shot away.

SCENE IN DINANT AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION



Part of Dinant as it appeared after the Germans had shelled it. The building on the left was a large hotel and, like all the other structures in the city, was destroyed. Near the bridge are seen some German soldiers fishing.

BRITISH HIGHLANDERS ON THE FIRING LINE



Photograph taken during one of the battles in northern France, showing Highlanders on the firing line, the enemy being concealed in the woods.

CATHEDRAL OF MONS IN RUINS



The interior of the cathedral at Mons after the Germans had shelled and occupied that city.

PROUD PRIVATE LANGE



Private Lange of the Twelfth regiment of the Belgian army holding the order issued by King Albert conveying to him the decoration of Chevalier of the First Order of Leopold. This honor was conferred for his wonderful feat at Herstal, where he captured the flag of the Ninetieth German Infantry, killing a colonel and 14 soldiers in the encounter.

PRAY FOR PEACE

MILLIONS IN UNITED STATES PETITION GOD TO END EUROPEAN WAR.

PRESIDENT GOES TO CHURCH

Secretary of State Tells Audience in New York That Conflict Is the Greatest Calamity the World Has Ever Known.

Washington, Oct. 6.—Led by President Wilson, the people of the United States devoted Sunday to supplication to God to put an end to the war which has convulsed the eastern and shaken the western hemisphere.

Responding to the proclamation of the president, millions of men, women and children sent up their prayers to the Almighty to instill a desire for peace into the hearts of the warring nations.

Reports from other parts of the country are to the effect that all records for church attendance were broken.

As an effort to bring about peace the spectacle of the nation in prayer was an impressive one.

In Washington such a day of church going has not been observed in many a year. The churches were crowded to capacity and in many the peace prayers were repeated at several services.

The cabinet members who are in the city attended their respective churches.

New York, Oct. 6.—A special detail of police was necessary to handle the crowd that was unable to gain entrance to the Peace Sunday services of police was necessary to handle the in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, where Secretary of State Bryan was the principal speaker. Before the time set for the opening of the services the place was filled with a gathering of Christians and Jews, who united in prayer for world peace. Among the prominent persons present were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie.

Secretary Bryan was presented by Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, pastor of the tabernacle, and declared at the very outset that religion was the most fundamental thing in man's existence. He quoted Tolstoy's comparison of religion with morality, defining the former as that which was in a man, and morality as its outward expression. The same application of religion and morality should be made in the case of nations, he maintained.

"Today," continued Mr. Bryan, "we are face to face with the greatest calamity of history, begun just at a time when the peace forces were gathering for a final victory. And as we pray to Jehovah for peace, more men are in arms and anxious to try conclusions with the enemy according to the methods of war than the world has ever before known."

Referring to the peace treaties successfully negotiated by him, he said that they were based on the theory that commerce was the normal expression of human activity.

"Man's plans must be carried out when he is calm; not when he is angry," said he. "It is the plan of our government to deal with other nations at a time when an appeal can be made to conscience, judgment and to moral sense. That time is not when either nation involved is angry."

Following out this thought he pointed out that no man can be found today who will acknowledge responsibility for the present war. None of the nations involved will defend the idea of war and none desires to be held responsible for it.

FIFTY MINERS ARE RESCUED

Telephone Directs Men Near Death in Missouri Shaft How to Escape.

Joplin, Mo., Oct. 3.—Fifty men narrowly escaped being entombed when the workings of the American mine caved in. About ten acres of ground caved in, carrying with it the powder magazine, oil hoist, sludge mill and a residence. The 50 men were working 250 feet under the surface. Newton Keithley, foreman, using a telephone to the surface, advised the rescuing party as to the location of the men. All were directed to go to shaft No. 7 to get out. Eight were seriously injured.

Fighter Dies After Bout.

San Francisco, Oct. 3.—"Bill" Huddle, a young pugilist fighting at 142 pounds, died from injuries he received here in a six-round bout with Arthur ("Knockout") Carroll. Huddle was felled in the first round and again in the sixth. While dressing, Huddle collapsed and never regained consciousness. Bert McCulloch, the referee; Carroll and Gregory Mitchell, the matchmaker, were arrested.

Admits Cholera Is in Germany. London, Oct. 6.—A Reuters dispatch from Rome says that the North German Gazette, official organ of the German government, admits that cholera has developed in Germany as well as in Austria.

Britain to Raise More Cash. London, Oct. 6.—Tenders will be received by the Bank of England for six months' treasury bills to the amount of £15,000,000 (£75,000,000) in amounts of £1,000, £5,000 and £10,000.

CARRANZA TO REMAIN

GENERALS VOTE TO REFUSE LEADER'S RESIGNATION.

Threatens Villa With 100,000 Troops — Chief of Rebels Ready to Start Hostilities.

Junrez, Mexico, Oct. 6.—All negotiations for a peaceful settlement of the Villa-Carranza quarrel have been declared off by General Villa and the adjustment of Mexico's differences will be shot and shell.

Following the announcement from Mexico City that Carranza's generals will not consent to his resignation as first chief of the constitutionalists, Gen. Francisco Villa resumed preparations for a campaign against Mexico City. The conference at Aguas Calientes, if held at all, will not change the state of affairs. This is admitted by Villa men.

Carranza reaccepted the chief magistracy. In his brief speech Carranza thanked the assembly for the confidence it reposed in him.

Charging that the rebellion was instigated "by the so-called clerics and our conquered enemies," Carranza declared he would not submit "to a group of chiefs who have forgotten the fulfillment of their duty and to a group of civilians to whom the nation owes nothing."

"We have 100,000 men well armed, artillery and machine guns, and also we have right and justice, which are invincible, on our side."

Carranza said that it was his duty to "fix the responsibility of the rebellion of General Villa, which is nothing but a plot instigated by the so-called clerics and some of the conquered factions."

The delegates from Oaxaca left the chamber. They swore that they would fight in the name of civilization against brutal military aggression.

From Chihuahua came advices that Villa has given up all hope of averting war with Carranza, and that he has feared all along that Carranza would insist upon his generals refusing his resignation. As quickly as the men and ammunition can be loaded on trains at Torreon they will be sent south by Villa. It is said in Chihuahua that an attack on Monterrey will be made by Villa with a detachment of his army, but that the main army will move rapidly to the south.

IMPORTANT NEWS ITEMS

Washington, Oct. 1.—The peace commission treaty between the United States and Russia will be signed here today by Secretary Bryan and the Russian ambassador.

Savannah, Ga., Oct. 3.—The British steamer Concord which cleared for Liverpool and went aground on Tybee bar during a heavy sea, was released by the high tide and continued her journey. The vessel apparently suffered no damage.

Newmarket, England, Oct. 3.—The Jockey club stakes of \$50,000 were won by Trolstems. Humoz was second and Rattlejack third. Eleven ran.

New York, Oct. 3.—Frederick C. Tanner, Republican leader of the Twenty-fifth assembly district, was elected Republican state chairman to succeed William Barnes of Albany. Just before the nomination was made Ogden L. Mills, the only avowed candidate for the office, withdrew his candidature.

PETRAS FOUND NOT GUILTY

Jury Returns Verdict in Kane County Murder Case—No New Evidence Is Introduced.

Geneva, Ill., Oct. 5.—Anthony Petras was found not guilty of Theresa Hollander's murder by twelve Kane county citizens in Judge Carnes' court.

Holding his young wife in his arms, Tony listened to the one sentence which restored him his freedom. He kissed her when the words were read and Mrs. Petras laughed joyfully. With the jury's verdict the mystery of the Hollander girl's death slipped back again into the grim shadow of St. Nicholas cemetery, where her body, clubbed and bleeding, was found on the night of February 16.

The state's first effort to fasten the crime upon Petras resulted in an 11 to 1 disagreement in favor of his acquittal early in July. No new evidence was produced against Petras in the second trial.

Park Whipple, the foreman of the jury, said: "You may say that the first ballot stood at least 9 to 3 for acquittal, and that four ballots were all that were taken. We reached the verdict at 10:30 o'clock last night, and in acquitting Petras believe we have done our duty according to the law and the evidence in the case."

Lawmaker's Wife Is Hurt.

Washington, Oct. 6.—Mrs. Thomas Hardwick, wife of Representative Hardwick of Georgia, had a remarkable escape from death when her electric automobile skidded over an embankment in Rock Creek park.

War Costly to France.

Paris, Oct. 6.—The war is costing France \$7,000,000 a day. Minister of Finance Alexandre Ribot announced Saturday that the outlay for the first 60 days of the conflict had been \$420,000,000.

W. L. DOUGLAS

Men's & Women's Shoes
\$2.50, \$3, \$3.50
\$3.75, \$4, \$4.50
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YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

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W. L. DOUGLAS, 210 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Approaching, But Not Close.

"When I left Havre on my way back to England," says Representative Gardner of Massachusetts, "600 French soldiers lined up on the deck and sang 'God Save the King' in English." By the nine gods of war, as our own General Bingham would say, this incident, taken in connection with the Belgians stepping to the front chanting, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," seems to indicate the approach of the much-touted brotherhood of man."

Easy to See.

"I wish I could have seen your great feat," said a lady to a gentleman who had met with a hazardous adventure in Africa. "There they are, madam," said he, pointing to his pedal extremities.

Belgium's national wealth a year ago was estimated to be \$9,000,000,000.

FATIMA, Turkish-blend cigarettes are the purest form in which tobacco can be smoked, and their flavor is

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In the next 30 days I will offer for sale 200 head of high-grade Holstein cattle running in age from 1 to 3 years, well marked and in good condition. They will run 15 and 16 in Holstein and are bred to registered bulls. Will also offer 10 head of fully developed, heavy milking cows, part of them fresh and balance due to freshen soon. Also have 5 head of registered and high-grade bulls at correlation to the above cows or calves. I will have a few choice heifers and bull calves to offer in the near future that are 10-16 and 18-22 months, at \$150 each. First draft takes them. Write me your want.

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HARFINA OINTMENT

Stops Itching, Cools and Heals Skin

In all cases of itching, irritated, burning skin, no matter what the cause, instant relief will be obtained from Harfina Ointment. It clears the scalp of dandruff and all scalp formations—feeds the hair and strengthens it against falling out. No more effective or prompt remedy known for Eczema, pimples, eruptions, wounds, sores, boils, chapped, cracked skin, eczema, sunburn, bites, piles, cold in head, chilblains, itching, swollen feet, etc. Relieves pain, allays inflammation wherever located. Ideal for babies' skin when sore, chafed or irritated. See at drugstore or direct on receipt of price and dealer's name. Philo Hay Specialties Co., Newark, N. J.

Get It At Once

For Sale 60 acre farm, best soil, easily cleared, Write D. McHARDSON, Owen, Wis.

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THE ANTIOCH NEWS

Published Every Thursday by
A. B. JOHNSON, Editor and Prop.

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Application

Telephone Antioch 681

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1914.

Highway Notice Public Letting of Contract

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned Commissioners of Highways of the Town of Antioch, County of Lake, State of Illinois, for grading, draining and building a hard gravel road, a part of the Hickory road through Section 15, in accordance with plans and specifications prepared by the County Superintendent of Highways and on file in his office and that of the Town Clerk of said Town. Commissioners reserve the right to increase or decrease the amount of work and to reject any or all bids.

Sealed proposals will be received at the hour of 2 p. m. on the 24th day of October, A. D. 1914, by said Commissioners at a meeting to be held in the Town Hall in the village of Antioch.

Each bidder will be required to submit with his bid a certified check payable to the Town Treasurer, for the sum of fifty (\$50) dollars, as a guarantee of good faith if awarded contract he will promptly enter into same and file a sufficient bond.

Work is to be started within ten days from date of contract and completed within ninety days.

Payments to be made equal to eighty-five (85) per cent of the monthly estimates, balance on completion and acceptance of work.

Dated this 3rd of October A. D. 1914.

Frank Dunn,
W. A. Story,
Alenza P. Little
Commissioners of Highways.
C. F. Richards,
Town Clerk.

Chas. E. Russell,
County Superintendent of Highways.

Official List of Transfers

FURNISHED BY
Lake County Title and Trust Co.
Abstracts of Title. Titles Guaranteed.
Waukegan ILLINOIS

Geo E Thayer, wdr to Ed Brook	1 00
Frank Sears and wf to Ella C. Wiedeman lots 10 and 11 of Fisk & Lusher's sud of Indiana Point Fox Lake w d	10 00
Chas J Arbogast et wf to Herman A Hretzel lot 8 blk 6 in Henry Klune's re sub in Antioch twp w d	10 00
Theodore W Smith and wf to Harry W and Sarah H Horder lots 156 and 157 in J L Shaw's sub Avon twp w d	200 00
Geo M Rogers and to Emma M. Kinn pt lot 2 and all lot 7 in n qr sec 7 Avon twp w d	5000 00
John Strahan et al to Margart Spears lot 7 Wilton's sub in s w 1 sec 9 Antioch twp w d	2000 00
Chas E. Blunt wdr to Jos Kalb and Wm Byas lot 8 in Blunt Park in s e 1 sec 25 Antioch twp w d	500 00
Wm B Walrath and wf to Rose C. Robinson lot 128 in J L Shaw's sub in in Antioch twp w d	200 00

The First Red Cross.

The original Red Cross society dates back from long before the Geneva convention. Just 300 years ago an anonymous German work, which appeared at Cassel, called upon the learned to join and test the claims of the Rosicrucian order, and to have been founded two centuries before that by one Christian Rosenkreuz, who had gained his mysterious knowledge in the East. The order was Christian and Protestant, and although it professed to possess many secrets, including that of making gold, its chief object was the gratuitous healing of the sick. A tremendous controversy arose, the order being violently assailed as heretical and as violently defended by the broader-minded or more credulous. The whole story appears to have been a triumphant German universal spoof.

Kissing in the Street

In seventeenth century New England kissing in the street was a serious offense. But go back to fifteenth and sixteenth century Old England, and the case is very different. One of the Bohemian travelers whose narrative is given by Mrs. Henry Cost's "Gentlemen Errant" records of London: "It is the custom in this town that at the first arrival of guests in any lodging the hostess, with all the household, comes forth into the street to receive; and each one of them it behooves each one to kiss. Indeed, to them, to take a kiss is but as to others, to offer the right hand." And Mrs. Cost gives a whole sheet of similar foreign testimony to the pleasant English custom of kissing in the street.

"TURNING THE TABLES"

By PHIL G. CAREY.



Up in the mountains of east Tennessee, or, rather, in a peaceful little valley nestling tranquilly between the Clinch ranges there existed in the year 1900 a railroad, 40 miles in length, known as the Knoxville & Bristol.

One terminus of the road was at Coryton, 17 miles from Knoxville, a thriving little village of some thirteen souls, not counting the ticket agent. Morristown was the other terminus, 39 miles from Bristol, so the name "Knoxville & Bristol" was more significant of the hopes and aspirations of the little road than of its achievements.

The inhabitants along the thinly settled mountain slopes had three never-failing sources of income—chickens, tan-bark and summer boarders.

The K. & B. fier headed out of Coryton each morning, and for several years, in the capacity of postal clerk, I shared its many and varied vicissitudes, its joys and sorrows, failures and triumphs, wash-outs, wrecks and occasionally the thrill of arriving somewhere on schedule time.

The engineer was a big, raw-boned, good-natured individual named Bill Allen. It is Bill's story, not my own, that I am about to tell.

It was late one summer evening, as we were winding our way down the little valley and got laid-out for several hours while a section gang ahead repaired a burned trestle, that old Bill sat by the side of his engine and to an attentive audience composed of the train crew and several of the passengers who had walked up ahead from the coach told the following story:

"There is something about this afternoon that makes me think of a day of long ago, a day that I shall never be able to efface from my memory. It happened a number of years ago, when I was pulling a passenger train over in the Birmingham district.

"On the day I speak of we had on a couple of extra coaches—Sunday school picnic or something of the sort; anyway, the entire train was crowded full of women and children.

"Every time we made a stop I could hear the shouts and the merry laughter of those children up to the engine.

"We had pulled into a little station, and I sat there in the cab watching the children and waiting for the conductor, who had gone in after orders.

"We were on the main track—in fact, there was no siding; just a big water tank and a turntable, old and seldom used. Straight ahead for half a mile was one of the steepest grades in the division. Just at the top of the grade a branch line turned off for several miles, leading to the coal mines.

"Some way, in switching the coal cars around up there at the top of the grade that afternoon a big, heavily loaded car suddenly got loose and headed down the grade straight as an arrow for our train.

"Gentlemen, I will confess I turned perfectly weak as I saw that black demon of destruction bearing down upon us, galloping speed at every second!

"I thought of the merry laughing children back in the coaches, of the mothers all-unconscious of the awful danger, and I thought of the fearful and certain result that seemed inevitable.

"Faster and faster it came, with a roar, and a cloud of black dust hovering about it! I tried to think of some way to save the train and the helpless women and children, but my brain refused to work.

"But, gentlemen, there was a better man than myself at hand. My flagman, a quick, active young fellow named Walker, had taken in the frightful situation at a glance, and made a wild dash for the turntable.

"Great heavens! Will he be in time? I gasped.

"Now the car was almost upon us, coming like a streak of lightning, swinging and rounding, and the sparks flying from the wheels. Then it struck the turntable, on to which the flagman had turned the switch—and we were saved!

"For the flagman quickly turned the table around and sent the car flying back up the grade!

"It's a fact, gentlemen," said Bill reproachfully, as several of his listeners turned sadly away. "If you don't believe it, you can see the turntable any time for it is still there. I can show you the car, too, on the branch to the coal mines."

Exchange Suggested.

One evening, as he sat gloomily reading the paper, having grumbled at the dinner, the dog, the baby, the cook and everything else that came along, his wife made a suggestion.

"Bertie," she said, "would it not be a good thing to rearrange your business?"

"Yes; I might rearrange it into a rag-and-bone dealer's. It would probably pay better. But I don't quite see how to do it!" he answered, with concentrated sarcasm.

"I didn't mean that exactly," she answered, sweetly. "But could you not manage to be a bear at the office instead of at home?"

HER SLIGHT MISTAKE

By CONSTANCE NESSLER.

"Have you ever seen such oppressive hot weather in your life?" the lavender girl asked the young woman in white, selecting a wicker chair and pulling it to a position where she would feel whatever breeze came through the window.

"Certainly I have, right here in this city, and so have you," replied the girl in white.

"I suppose you are right," admitted her friend, "but you are most disappointing."

"You interest me strangely," "You should have adapted yourself to my mood," explained the young woman in lavender, "and assured me that you never had seen such hot weather and that you do not believe there is such hot weather anywhere else on the globe. Instead, you try to convey the impression that it is not hot at all."

"I am trying to help you, my dear. If I were to join you in your view of the weather, its heat would become more and more intense until your back hair frizzled. Instead of doing that I suggest that it is no warmer than usual. Presently, I shall mention some ice cream that is coming and the first thing you know you will be comfortable. You are not so warm right now as you were, are you?"

"I couldn't be any warmer, certainly, without melting my watch and my finger ring. I was seething when I arrived. I had done the most dreadful thing!"

"It was on the 'L,'" said the young person in lavender, launching boldly into her adventure. "I entered the train at Sheridan road and there were any number of seats vacant, but I saw Marc Willard sitting by a window and looking out. I determined to surprise him, so I selected the other half of his seat. The car jerked and I slid down like a ball player sliding to first, with a shoulder hunched up. I collided with the unfortunate man in a violent fashion that almost sent him out of the car and sailing over the back yards like an aeroplane.

"Then I turned my head and pretended to be looking from the window on the opposite side of the car. I felt him turn in the seat, and I felt his eyes boring into my back, and I hadn't felt so tickled over anything in a long time. I had on this new dress and I was quite sure he did not



"Be Careful, Kid."

recognize me, so I waited for a dreadful time before I slowly and innocently turned my face to him.

"You were taking an awful chance, Arabella. Suppose it had not been he? You know mistakes sometimes happen."

"One had—then."

"Oh, you surely do not mean—"

"Yes, I do! It was some young man I had never seen before! Imagine!

"There he sat looking down upon me, with the queerest expression, and I shivered and shrank until I wasn't bigger than a peanut. I could feel myself being immersed slowly in a gulf of boiling oil, which began at my toes and rose slowly, slowly until it covered the top of my head! And there I sat frozen to my seat with his eyes fixed upon mine."

"That was dreadful!"

"Indeed it was. If he had looked away for a moment I could have apologized or have slid into another seat, but his eyes seemed to hold me! And then I saw he was going to speak to me, and I was glad, because I thought I saw a glint of humor in his eyes. I imagined his first word would tell me that he understood. But what do you suppose he said?"

"What?"

"He held his paper up before his face and whispered: 'Be careful, kid, that lady on the front seat is my wife! I got over into another seat then, you'd better believe!'"

"Arabella, your adventure was a classic. I read it in a funny column the other day."

"I never had read it; but I believe he lied. Anyway the woman got out at the next station, and he was still in his seat when I left the car. I have now only one object in life, and that—"

"Is to help me eat the cream, which the boy is bringing."

"No, but to meet Mr. Smart and make it as peppery for him as he made it for me."—Chicago Daily News.

ABILITY TO ACHIEVE SUCCESS

The Man Who Can Do That Must Rise Superior to Circumstances Working Against Him.

We succeed just as often in spite of circumstances as we do because of them. The latter condition, inferring of course, that the circumstances are in our favor, is entirely natural and only to be expected, and accordingly we do not feel as though we are justified in taking to ourselves all the credit for any success we may achieve. When we succeed, however, in spite of circumstances, or, in other words, when we rise superior to conditions, then it is that we show the real fiber of our natures and deserve all the credit that can be accorded us. However, if a man has it in him to succeed he will do so, notwithstanding unfavorable conditions. The ability to achieve success is just as much a gift as the ability to paint, or sing, or write, or do anything well that lies especially in our power. It is just as natural for some of us to succeed as it is for others to fail, and all conditions for or against our success are only means to an end. The man who intends to succeed, realizes that he must rise far above many of the circumstances of his life and the secret of doing this is a part of himself and is never readily acquired. Some of the most distinguished men of the past, men who have left the deepest impress upon history's pages, fought and wrought in conditions that were far from conducive to their success; yet because they heard the call of an unknown voice summoning them to effort, and because they felt the thrill of a faith in themselves which could not be questioned they dared and won.

When the Work Piles Up.
We can get any amount of work done by taking it a moment at a time. It is when we try to take it several moments at a time that it gets beyond us. A business man had a pile of work in front of him on his desk, and was "stewing around" over it, and saying how tremendously busy he was, when another man said to him, "You're not busy; you're only confused." Seeing and thinking about more than one thing at a time brings the confusion that multiplies burdens and hinders the work. It is sometimes well to clear our desk of everything except the one thing upon which we must be working; then to take up the next thing; and so on until the day's work is done. Concentration routs confusion. Doing one thing at a time gets an amazingly large number of things done.—Sunday School Times.

Sparrow Wrecks a Taxi-Cab.

A sparrow at Highham, near Gloucester, England, has been responsible for a serious taxi-cab accident. In a ditch 7 feet deep were found a wrecked taxi-cab and its dazed driver. When able to speak the driver said that all he could remember was receiving a severe blow in the eye. Inquiries led to the discovery of a dead sparrow at the bottom of the steering-arm, and the only explanation of the accident is that the sparrow flew into the driver's eye, rendering him insensible, with the result that the cab swerved and ran into the ditch.

Columbus.

From all accounts, Christopher Columbus was an Italian, having been born in Genoa, Italy. His birth year was 1435 or 1436, the exact date being uncertain. The reason why he entered the service of Spain, rather than that of his native country, was owing to the fact that at that time Italy was not much interested in matters of discovery.

Recognized Slew of War.

On the occasion of the annual encampment of a western militia, one of the soldiers, a clerk who lived well at home, was experiencing much difficulty in disposing of his rations.

A fellow sufferer near by was watching with no little amusement the first soldier's attempts to fletcherize a piece of meat. "Any trouble, Tom?" asked the second soldier, sarcastically.

"None in particular," was the response. Then, after a sullen survey of the bit of beef he held in his hand, the amateur fighter observed:

"Bill, I now fully realize what people mean when they speak of the slews of war."

Matrimonial.

A wealthy young California woman says: "The man I would marry doesn't live." This shouldn't mean, however, that she will wed what is known in the vocabulary of the street as a dead one.



Business men are frequently confronted with the necessity of being in several places at the same time.

The Long Distance Telephone is the best proxy in such a situation.

It will keep the engagement, secure the answer and save your time.

Use the Long Distance Lines

CHICAGO TELEPHONE COMPANY

Chas. T. Ford

Farm Land In the Corn Belt

The Land of Clover.

The Land of Clover.

We challenge the world to show us another district with finer buildings, more attractive homes and well keep fields.

We have the largest country creamery in the world. One million pounds of butter annually.

CORN. POTATOES. CLOVER.

Our Pasture and Fields Are Ever Green.

POTATOES YIELD FROM 200 TO 300 BUSHELS PER ACRE. SEE THE BIG ONES.

TWO CROPS CLOVER TWO CROPS.

Cuts three tons per acre. Second crop seed worth 40 dollars per acre.

We are growing thousand of acres of peas, sweet corn and cucumbers.

Visit our mommoth canning factories.

RAINFALL SURE.

Our spring lakes are numerous and fishing and hunting is unsurpassed.

We can sell you a farm of any size desired with good improvements at prices ranging from \$35.00 to \$65.00 per acre.

NO QUACK GRASS

NO THISTLES

NO OBNOXIOUS WEEDS

Some of Our Fine Farm Bargains

We have a dandy good 80 acres at \$4500.00, with a good house and large new barn, 40 acres cleared, balance pasture and timber land, situated half way between Cameron and Chetek.

Also have a dandy 80 adjoining this one, 70 acres under plow, level as the floor, nearly all seeded to clover, fine set of buildings, 1 mile to school at a price of \$6500.00, 1 cash.

111 acres, 5 miles from town, 70 acres cleared, balance fine pasture, small set of buildings, new corn silo, no stone, school 120 rods from front door, cheese factory 1 mile. Splendid water. Terms—\$2000.00 cash, balance in 5 years, 6 per cent. Price \$4000.00.

120 acres, 80 acres under plow, 4 miles from town, school house on this farm, near good creamery and cheese factory, small set of buildings. A snap. \$40.00 per acre. \$3000.00 cash, balance easy terms.

80 acres, 50 acres under plow, fine level land at \$55.00 per acre. \$1000.00 cash handles this farm. Balance easy terms at 6 per cent.

80 acres level farm land, adjoining land valued at \$125.00 per acre can be bought for \$50.00 per acre. Fine soil and on good road, rural route and field and most of the balance is easy to put under plow. Terms, 1 cash. Balance 5 years at 6 per cent.

80 acres heavy clay soil, 2 mile from town. Good house, large basement barn, windmill and silo. 60 acres under plow. This is a dandy improved farm. Price \$7000.00.

We have one of the prettiest and best farms in the state of Wis. Barn 90x42, good house, granary and large silo. 280 acres, \$47.50 per acre. 160 acres under plow. Land level and splendid quality.

For Further Particulars call

At the News Office

Call and See Photos

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., Oct. 5.—The Committee declared butter at 29.

Seed corn dryers at Hunt's adv. Ernie Kelly of Chicago was home over Sunday.

Mrs. J. Salat spent a few days in Chicago this week.

Tom Faragher of Lake Forest spent Monday with friends here.

Mrs. G. Schilke and Mrs. Claude Brogan were Kenosha visitors Tuesday.

Rev. Stixrud left on Tuesday morning to attend the annual Rock River conference.

Miss Alice Beebe spent over Saturday and Sunday with relatives at Woodstock.

Miss Addie Schaefer spent Monday in Chicago buying a new assortment of winter millinery goods.

Beginning Monday, October 12, my dental office will be closed for one week. Dr. F. S. Morrell.

Beds, springs and mattress always on hand at Lenore's.

Remember that tomorrow is fire prevention day. Do your share towards cleaning up all rubbish etc. A little attention now may save you a fire later on.

Fresh Medella flour at Webb's.

Call on Mrs. A. G. Watson if you want to see the latest styles in suits and coats for fall and winter. New October supplement now ready. Also a fine line of all kinds of dress goods by the yard.

Word has reached here that Albert Barnstable who a few months ago settled at Detroit, Michigan, is now in very poor health and that his physician has ordered him to Mexico hoping for a benefit from the change of climate.

Lewis Fly-Killer for stock, at Hunt's.

Just as we are going to press we learn of the death of Mrs. Phenix Ames wife of Chet Ames, who passed away early this morning at their home near Gage's lake. She was about 45 years old and is survived by her husband, two sons and two daughters. The time of the funeral has not yet been decided upon.

Ernest Horton, Dr. Morrell, Wm. Hucker, Wm. VanPatten and E. Rushmore will on Saturday evening leave for a fishing and hunting trip in the vicinity of Chetek, Wis. While away Mr. Horton is planning to erect a house on his property there.

Coffee for 25 cents that anybody can drink, at Webb's.

Robert Allen of Kenosha called on the McVey and Warriner families here Tuesday. During his visit he related many interesting experiences which he has passed through during his recent trip abroad, among which was his arrest on suspicion of being a French spy. His auto was also confiscated by the German government.

The work of pouring concrete on the first state road in Lake County, was started on the Lake Villa road, on Thursday last and the work is progressing rapidly. To complete the work of pouring before the cold weather arrives, the contractor has employed a large force of men and is pushing the work with all possible speed. It is expected that from four to five hundred feet of road will be completed daily.

Giant Among Trees. Yellow poplar, or tulip tree, the largest broadleaf tree in America, has been known to reach nearly 200 feet in height and 102 feet in diameter.

HIS LIFE SAVED BY A BET

English Soldier, Determined to Win His Wager, Absolutely Ignored Summons of Death.

When Colonel Hay, notorious for his love of gambling and betting, was severely wounded in the Peninsular war, two brother officers came across his apparently lifeless body.

"Poor Hay! He's gone at last," said one named Windsor.

A faint voice came from the ground. "I'll lay you a cool hundred he's not." His death seemed only a question of minutes, but he continued: "Enter the bet, and you, Marsion—addressing the other officer—" "be witness!"

He then faltered. When he was taken to hospital the surgeon told him the bullet could only be removed by sawing through two ribs and introducing a child's hand to extract it, as forceps could not touch it. "The chances are," he added, "that you will die under the operation."

"If Windsor will make his bet double or quits, I'll consent," said the colonel.

Windsor agreed.

"Now saw away," said Hay. "I won't die." And he did not.

"But for that bet," he said afterwards, "I should be a dead man; it was my determination to win it that kept me alive."

Boy's school caps and suits at Webb's. Gasoline and kerosene stoves at Hunt's.

Don't fail to look over the plat of Craig's lots on this page.

Chas. Runyard and Frank Dunn spent Sunday in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Sabin and son spent Sunday in Chicago.

Mrs. John Martin is spending this week with relatives in Chicago.

Mrs. M. Lester is now nicely settled in her new home on Johannott street.

Mrs. Albert Miller and children of Forest Park are visiting relatives in this vicinity.

P. O. Hawkins and family entertained relatives from Waukegan the first of the week.

Miss Margaret Wiley of Prairie View spent Sunday with Mrs. Della Sherwood at her home here.

Mr. Abe Crowley returned Tuesday from a two months' visit with relatives and friends in New York state.

To the farmer bringing in the best three ears of corn grown this year, we will give away free one dozen sections of our seed corn dryer. F. J. Hunt.

Come in and hear the latest records and sheet music at Lenore's.

"The Love Victorious" will be presented in a three reel feature at the Crystal next Monday evening. If you miss this you will miss something good.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Savage of Champaign, Ill., are the proud parents of a young son who came to their home last week. Mrs. Savage was formerly Miss Inez Daizel of this place.

Dr. Barber, Optician and Optometrist is in Antioch every two weeks at the residence of H. J. Barber. His next date is Thursday, Oct. 15. Office hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. All work guaranteed.

Columbia Gramophones \$10 up at Lenore's.

In the absence of Mr. Stixrud the Epworth League will have charge of the evening services on Sunday, Oct. 11, with Mrs. D. Ferris as leader. This service will be held in the auditorium and will begin at seven o'clock sharp. Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

The dance held in the Barnstable hall at Lake Villa last Friday evening drew a fair sized crowd from this village. All who attended report a fine time and last but not least are they are talking about that oyster supper served at Keller's new restaurant.

"Safety First" Electric Lanterns at Hunt's.

The Hungarian orchestra accompanied by Madam DelRay, who gave the opening number of the entertainment course Tuesday evening, beyond a shadow of doubt gave one of the best entertainments that we have had here in a long time. Their program contained twenty-three numbers and each one was heartily applauded by the appreciative audience.

Daily Thought.

The invariable mark of wisdom is to see the miraculous in the common.—Emerson.

Paints and oils of all kind at Hunt's. John Horan spent over Sunday with relatives at Evanston.

Mrs. Ivah Smock visited several days last week with relatives at Spring Grove.

Baby carriages and go-carts at Lenore's.

Miss Grace VanDuzer and Miss Marion Christensen spent Sunday in Kenosha with relatives.

Mrs. Harrower of Waukegan visited over Sunday at the home of her son, Wm. Harrower here.

Furniture of all kinds, except the no-good kind at Lenore's.

B. F. Naber and wife attended the funeral of Mr. Naber's mother at Watertown, Wis., Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Davies and Mrs. Rudd and daughter of Kenosha spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Brogan.

October 13 and 27 will be registration days for Antioch townships, all those wishing to vote at the November election should see that their name is on the list.

The Ladies' Aid society held its annual election on Wednesday afternoon of the week. Those chosen to serve for the ensuing year are: President, Mrs. D. A. Williams; First vice, Mrs. Clara Johnson; Second vice Mrs. Ida Osmond; Secretary, Mrs. J. C. James; Treasurer, Miss Ella Ames.

If it turns cold Webb has a good line mackinaw coats.

The Court of Honor of Antioch will hold installation of officers for the coming year Friday evening, October 9. Some of the Supreme Court officers will be present. During the evening some selections will be given by Mr. and Mrs. T. Lenore. After installation light refreshments will be served, after which there will be dancing. Music by Morrell's orchestra.

Just received a new supply of buggies. Frank Hunt.

Notice

All persons knowing themselves to have an account at the Overton drug store are requested to call there for settlement as soon as convenient. As all accounts will be left in charge of Mr. King, the new proprietor.

Mrs. Ada Overton.

NOTICE

Bids will be received for the construction of a cement sidewalk on Depot street as per ordinance on file in the office of the village clerk. All bids must be in by Monday, October 19, 1914 at 8 p. m. The village reserve the right to reject any or all bids. By order of the village Board.

Eimer Brook, Clerk, Protem.

Splendid Old Editor. As we recall it, the hardest newspaper work we ever did was for a splendid old editor, now of sainted memory, who accepted wood on subscription and was pleased to get it. It was our task to carry the wood up two flights of stairs.—Toledo Blade.

Small Causes of Fierce Wars.

Borrowing a tobacco pipe and failing to return it kindled a civil war which lasted for years among the rival races in Pamir and Afghanistan. A dispute as to the relative attractions of snails and vipers as food started fifty years of fighting between Milan and Pisa.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

All advertisements inserted under this head at the following rates: Five lines or less, 25 cents for first insertion, 15 cents for each subsequent insertion. More than five lines, 5 cents a line for first insertion, and 3 cents a line for additional insertions.

WANTED—A cottage on Lake Catherine or Channah Lake. Cottage must be good size and if there is not barn on lot there must be room for building one. Anyone having such property for sale please notify this office.

FOR SALE—Large bay mare, weight 1400, age 14 years. Oetting Farm, Channah Lake.

SALE—One of the best 100 acre farms in Lake Villa town. Good buildings, water, fruit and berries and land first class. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—One cow, fresh springer A. M. Stickles, Antioch, Ill.

FOR SALE—Eight pigs, Mrs. Julia Belter.

FOR SALE—An 8-Room furnished cottage, 5 rooms finished, at Beach Grove. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—A 8 room house and 4 acres of land in village of Antioch, will be sold cheap if take at once. Inquire at this office.

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News Office

Antioch, Ill.

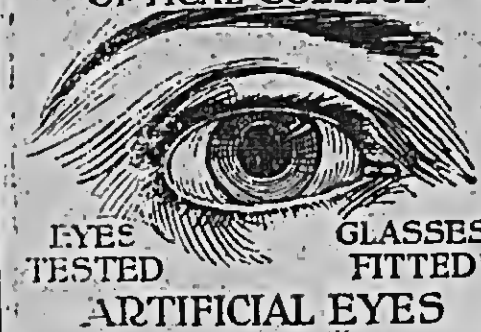
On the Road to Intemperance. Testimony in a Chicago court shows that a husband from whom a divorce is desired drank eight or nine whiskeys every morning before breakfast and about thirty more before going to bed. It is drinking of this sort that so often leads a man into intemperance before he realizes it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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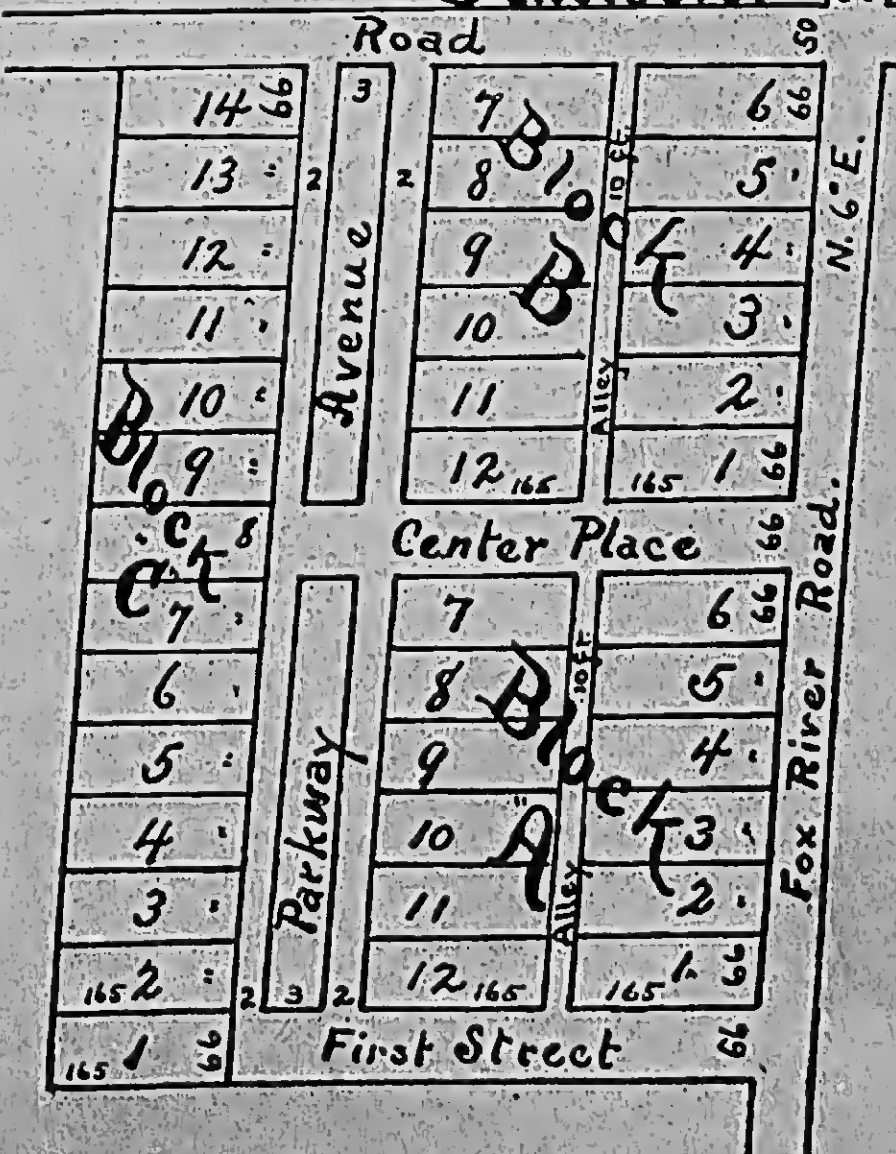
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SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrاندall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrاندall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrاندall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrاندall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in hiding her from the man who though she loved him deeply had caused her great sorrow, Mrs. Wrاندall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrاندall hears the story of Hatty Glynn's life, except that portion that relates to Wrاندall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers Hatty a home, friendship and security from New York account of the tragedy. Mrs. Sara Wrاندall and her attend the funeral of Challis Wrاندall at the home of his parents. Sara Wrاندall and Hatty return to New York after an absence of a year. In Europe, Leslie Wrاندall, brother of Challis, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hatty. Sara sees in Leslie the possibility for revenge on the Wrاندalls and her determination to do so. Wrاندall, brother of Challis, suffers at the hands of the Wrاندalls and is married by the latter to a woman who is the daughter of a man who has been a villain in the past. Leslie Wrاندall is married by the latter to a woman who is the daughter of a man who has been a villain in the past.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Leslie was coming out on an evening train. Booth, in commenting on this, again remarked a sharp change in Hatty's manner. They had been conversing somewhat buoyantly up to the moment he mentioned Leslie's impending visit. In a flash her manner changed. A quick but unmistakable frown succeeded her smiles, and for some reason she suddenly relapsed into a state of reserve that was little short of sullen. He was puzzled, as he had been before.

The day was hot. Sara volunteered to take him home in the motor. An errand in the village was the excuse she gave for riding over with him. Hereafter she had sent him over alone with the chauffeur.

She looked very handsome, very tempting, as she came down to the car.

"By Jove," he said to himself, "she is wonderful!"

He handed her into the car with the grace of a courtier, and she smiled upon him serenely, as a princess might have smiled in the days when knight-hood was in flower.

"Have you ever seen Hatty Glynn, the English actress?"

Sara was always prepared. She knew the question would come when least expected.

"Oh, yes," she replied, with interest. "Have you noticed the resemblance? They are as like as two peas in a pod. Isn't it extraordinary?"

He was a bit staggered. "I have never seen Hatty Glynn," he replied.

"Oh? You have seen photographs of her?" she inquired casually.

"What has become of her?" he asked, ignoring her question. "Is she still on the stage?"

"Heaven knows," she replied lightly. "Miss Castleton and I were speaking of her last night. We were together the last time I saw her. Who knows?"

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The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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The motor met him at the station and Sara was waiting for him in the cool, awning-covered verandah as he stepped out. There was a sullen, disatisfied look in his face. She was stretched out comfortably, lazily, in a great chaise-louche, her black little slippers peeping out at him with perfect abandonment.

"Hello," he said shortly. She gave him her hand. "Sorry I couldn't get out last night." He shook her hand rather ungraciously.

"We missed you," she said. "Pull up a chair. I was never so lazy as now. Dear me, I am afraid I'll get stout and gross."

"Spring fever," he announced. He was plainly out of sorts. "I'll stand, if you don't mind. Beautiful throusome, sitting in a hot, stuffy train."

He took a couple of turns across the porch, his eyes shifting in the eager, annoyed manner of one who seeks for something that, in the correct order of things, ought to be plainly visible.

"Please sit down, Leslie. You make me nervous, tramp along like that. We can't go in for half an hour or more."

"Can't go in?" he demanded, stopping before her. He began to pull at his little moustache.

"No. Hatty's posing. They won't permit even me to disturb them."

He glared. With a final, almost dramatic twist he gave over jerking at his moustache, and grabbed up a chair, which he put down beside her with vehemence that spoke plainer than words.

"I say," he began, scowling in the direction of the doorway, "how long is he going to be at this silly job?"

"Silly job? Why, it is to be a masterpiece," she cried.

"I asked you how long?"

"Oh, how can I tell? Weeks, perhaps. One can't prod a genius."

"It's all Tommy-Rot," he growled. "I suppose I'd better take the next train back to town."

"Don't you like talking with me?" she inquired, with a pout.

"Of course I do," he made haste to say. "But do you mean to say they won't let anybody in where—Oh, I say! This is rich!"

"Spectators upset the mugs, or words to that effect."

He stared gloomily at his cigarette case for a moment. Then he carefully selected a cigarette and tapped it on the back of his hand.

"See here, Sara, I'm going to get this off my chest," he said bluntly. "I've been thinking it over all week. I don't like this portrait painting nonsense."

"Dear me! Didn't you suggest it?" she inquired innocently, but all the time her heart was beating violent time to the song of triumph.

He was jealous. It was what she wanted, what she had hoped for all along. Her purpose now was to encourage the ugly flame that tortured him, to fan it into fury, to make it unendurable. She knew him well: His supreme egotism could not withstand an attack upon its complacency. Like all the Wrاندalls, he had the habit of thinking too well of himself. He possessed a clearly-defined sense of humor, but it did not begin to include self-sacrifice among its endowments. He had never been able to laugh at himself for the excellent reason that some things were truly sacred to him.

She realized this, and promptly laughed at him. He stiffened.

"Don't sneaker, Sara," he growled. He took time to light his cigarette, and at the same time to consider his answer to her question. "In a way, yes. I suggested a sort of portrait, of course. A sketchy thing, something like that, you know. But not an all-supper operation."

"But she doesn't mind," explained Sara. "In fact, she is enjoying it. She and Mr. Booth get on famously together."

"She likes him, eh?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't she like him? He is adorable."

He threw his cigarette over the railing. "Comes here every day, I suppose?"

"My dear Leslie, he is to do me as soon as he has finished with her. I don't like your manner."

"Oh," he said in a dull sort of wonder. No one had ever cut him short in just that way before. "What's up, Sara? Have I done anything out of the way?"

"You are very touchy. It seems to me."

"I'm more about this confounded portrait monopoly."

"I'm sorry, Leslie. I suppose you will have to give in, however. We are three to one against you—Hatty, Mr. Booth and I."

"I see," he said, rather blankly. Then he drew his chair closer. "See here, Sara, you know I'm terribly keen about her. I think about her, I dream about her, I—oh, well, here it is in a nutshell: I'm in love with her. Now do you understand?"

"I don't see how you could help being in love with her," she said calmly. "I believe it is a habit men have where she is concerned."

"You're not surprised?" he cried, himself surprised.

"Not in the least."

"I mean to ask her to marry me."

he announced with finality. This was intended to bowl her over completely. She looked at him for an instant, and then shook her head. "I'd like to be able to wish you good luck."

He stared. "You don't mean to say she'd be fool enough—?" he began incredulously, but caught himself up in time. "Of course, I'd have to take my chances," he concluded, with more humility than she had ever seen him display. "Do you know of any one else?"

"No," she said seriously. "She doesn't confide in me to that extent, I fear. I've never asked."

"Do you think there was any one back there in England?" He put it in the past tense, so to speak, as if there could be no question about the present.

"Oh, I dare say."

He was regaining his complacency. "That's neither here nor there," he declared. The thing I want you to do, Sara, is to rush this confounded portrait. I don't like the idea, not a little bit."

"I don't blame you for being afraid of the attractive Mr. Booth," she said, with a significant lifting of her eyebrows.

"I'm going to have it over with before I go up to town, my dear girl," he announced, in a matter-of-fact way. "I've given the whole situation a deuce of a lot of thought, and I've made up my mind to do it. I'm not the sort, you know, to delay matters once my mind's made up. By Jove, Sara, you ought to be pleased. I'm not such a rotten catch, if I do say it who shouldn't."

She was perfectly still for a long time, so still that she did not appear to be breathing. Her eyes grew darker, more mysterious. If he had taken this pause to notice, he would have seen that her fingers were rigid.

"I am pleased," she said, very gently. She could have shrieked the words. How she hated all these smug Wrاندalls!

"I came to the decision yesterday," he went on, tapping the arm of the chair with his finger tips, as if timing his words with care and precision. "Spoke to dad about it at lunch. I was coming out on the five o'clock, as I'd planned, but he seemed to think I'd better talk it over with the mater first. Not that she would be likely to kick up a row, you know, but—well, for policy's sake. See what I mean? Decent thing to do, you know. She never quite got over the way you and I had stole a march on her. God knows I'm not like that."

Her eyes narrowed again. "No," she said. "You are not like your brother."

"Chal was all right, mind you, in what he did," he added hastily, noting the look. "I would do the same, 'pon my soul I would, if there were any senseless objections raised in my case. But, of course, it was right for me to talk it over with her, just the same. So I stayed in and gave them all the chance to say what they thought of me—and, incidentally, of Hatty. Quite the decent thing, don't you think? A fellow's mother is his mother, after all. See what I mean?"

"She is quite satisfied, then, that you are not throwing yourself away on Miss Castleton," said Sara, with a deep breath, which he mistook for a sigh.

"Oh, trust mother to nose into things. She knows Miss Castleton's pedigree from the ground up. There's Debreit, you see. What's more, you can't fool her in a pinch. She knows blood when she sees it. Father hasn't the same sense of proportion, however. He says you never can tell."

Sara was startled. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, it's nothing to speak of; only a way he has of grading mother once in a while. He uses you as an example to prove that you never can tell, and mother has to admit that he's right. You have upset every one of her pet theories. She sees it now, but—when? She couldn't see it in the old days, could she?"

"I fear not," said Sara in a low voice. Her eyes smoldered. "It is quite natural that she should not want you to make the mistake your brother made."

"Oh, please don't put it that way, Sara. You make me feel like a confounded prig, because that's what it comes to with them; don't you know. And yet my attitude has always been clear to them where you're concerned. I was strong for you from the beginning. All that silly rot about—"

"Please, please!" she burst out, quivering all over.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "You—your know how I mean it, dear girl."

"Please leave me out of it, Leslie," she said, collecting herself. After a moment she went on calmly: "And so you are going to marry my poor little Hatty, and they are all pleased with the arrangement."

"If I shall have me," he said, with a wink, as if to say there wasn't any use doubting it. "They're tickled to death."

"Vivian?"

"Vivian? A snob. She says Hatty's much too good for me, blood and bone. What business, says she, has a Wrاندall aspring to the descendant of Henry the Eighth?"

"What?"

"The Murgatroyds go back to old Henry, straight as a plummet. 'Gad, what Vivvy doesn't know about British aristocracy isn't worth knowing. She looked it up the time they tried to convince her she ought to marry the duke. But she's fond of Hatty. She says she's a darling. She's right: Hatty is too good for me."

Sara wished her gown about, and rose gracefully from the chaise-louche. Extending her hand to him she said, and he was never to forget the deep thrill in her voice: "Well, I wish you good luck, Leslie. Don't take no for an answer."

"Lord, if she should say no," he gasped, confronted by the possibility of such stupidity on Hatty's part. "You don't think she will?"

Her answer was a smile of doubt, the effect of which was to destroy his tranquility for hours.

"It is time for luncheon. I suppose we'll have to interrupt them. Perhaps it is just as well, for your sake," she said tauntingly.

He glared, but it was a sickly effort.

"You're the one to spoil anything of that sort," he said, with some acerbity.

"Certainly," he said with so much meaning in the word that she flushed.

Hatty and Booth came into view at that instant. The painter was laying a soft, filmy scarf over the girl's bare shoulders as he followed close behind her.

"Hello!" he cried, catching sight of Wrاندall. "Trala late, old chap! We've been expecting you for the last hour. How are you?"

He came up with a frank, genuine smile of pleasure on his lips; his hand extended, Leslie rose to the occasion. His self-esteem was larger than his grievance. He shook Booth's hand heartily, almost exuberantly.

"Didn't want to disturb you, Brandy," he cried, cheerily. "Besides, Sara wouldn't let me." He then passed on to Hatty, who had lagged behind. Bending low over her hand, he said something commonplace in a very low tone, at the same time looking slyly out of the corner of his eye to see if Booth was taking it all in. Finding that his friend was regarding him rather fixedly, he obeyed a sudden impulse and raised the girl's slim hand to his lips. As suddenly he released her fingers and straightened up with a look of surprise in his eyes; he had distinctly heard the agitated catch in her throat. She was staring at her hand in a stupefied sort of way, holding it rigid before her eyes for a moment before thrusting it behind her back as if it were a thing to be shielded from all scrutiny save her own.

"You must not kiss it again, Mr. Wrاندall," she said in a low, intense voice. Then she passed him by and hurried up the stairs, without so much as a glance over her shoulder.

He blinked in astonishment. All of a sudden there awoke over him the unique sensation of eyness—most unique in him. He had never been ashamed before in all his life. Now he was curiously conscious of having overstepped the bounds, and for the first time to be shown his place by a girl. This to him, who had no scruples about boundary lines.

All through luncheon he was voluble and gay. There was a bright spot in his cheek, however, that betrayed him to Sara, who already suspected the temper of his thoughts. He talked aeroplaning without cessation, directing most of his conversation to Booth, yet thrilled with pleasure, each time Hatty laughed at his sallies. He was beginning to feel like a half-baked schoolboy in her presence, a most deplorable state of affairs he had to admit.

"If you hate the train so much, why don't you try aeroplaning down from the Metropolitan tower?" demanded Booth in response to his lugubrious wall against the hourly lack of having to go about in railway coaches with a lot of red-eyed, none-blowing people who hadn't got used to their spring underwear yet.

"Sinister suggestion, I must say,"

he exclaimed. "You must be eager to see my life blood scattered all over creation. But, speaking of aeroplaning, I've had three lessons this week. Next week Bronson says I'll be flying like a gull. 'Gad, it's wonderful. I've had two tumbles, that's all—little ones, of course—not result in a barked knee and a peeled elbow."

"Watch out you're not flying like an angel before you get through with it, Les," cautioned the painter. "I see that a well-known society leader in Chicago was killed yesterday."

"Oh, I love the danger there is in it," said Wrاندall carelessly. "That's what gives zest to the sport."

"I love it, too," said Hatty, her eyes aglitter. "The glorious feel of the wind as you rush through it! And yet one seems to be standing perfectly still in the air when one is half a mile high and going fifty miles an hour. Oh, it is wonderful, Mr. Wrاندall."

"I'll take you out in a week or two, Miss Castleton, if you'll trust yourself with me."

"I will go," she announced promptly. Booth frowned. "Better wait a bit," he counseled. "Risky business, Miss Castleton, flying about with fledglings."

"Oh, come now!" expostulated Wrاندall with some heat. "Don't be a wet blanket, old man."

"I was merely suggesting she'd better wait till you've got used to your wings."

"Jimmy Van Winkle took his wife with him the third time up," said Leslie, as if that were the last word in aeroplaning.

"It's common report that she keeps Jimmy level, no matter where she's got him," retorted Booth.

"I dare say Miss Castleton can hold me level," said Leslie, with a profound bow to her. "Can't you, Miss Castleton?"

She smiled. "Oh, as for that, Mr. Wrاندall, I think we can all trust you to cling pretty closely to your own level."

"Rather ambiguous, that," he remarked dubiously.

"She means you never get below it, Leslie," said Booth, enjoying himself. "That's the one great principle in aeroplaning," said Wrاندall, quick to recover. "Vivian says I'll break my neck some day, but admits it will be a heroic way of doing it. Much nobler than pitching out of an automobile or catapulting over a horse's head in Central park." He paused for effect before venturing his next conclusion. "It must be laudably sublime, being squashed—or is it squashed?—after a drop of a mile or so, isn't it?"

He looked to see Miss Castleton wince, and was somewhat dashed to find that she was looking out of the window, quite oblivious to the peril he was in figuratively for her special consideration.

Booth was acutely reminded that the term "prig" as applied to Leslie was a misnomer; he hated the thought of the other word, which reflectively he rhymed with "pad."

It occurred to him early in the course of this one-sided discussion that the hostess was making no effort to take part in it, whether from lack of interest or because of its frivolous nature he was, of course, unable to determine. Later, he was struck by the curious pallor of her face, and the lack-luster expression of her eyes. She seldom removed her gaze from Wrاندall's face, and yet there persisted in the observer's mind the rather uncanny impression that she did not hear a word her brother-in-law was saying. He, in turn, took to watching her covertly. At no time did her expression change. For reasons of his own, he did not attempt to draw her into the conversation, fascinated as he was by the study of that beautiful, emotionless face. Once he had the queer sensation of feeling, rather than seeing, a haunted look in her eyes, but he put it down to fancy on his part.

And Leslie bubbled on in blissful ignorance of, not to say disregard for, this strange ghost at the feast, for, to Booth's mind, the ghost of Challis Wrاندall was there.

Turning to Miss Castleton with a significant look in his eyes, meant to call her attention to Mrs. Wrاندall, he was amazed to find that every vestige of color had gone from the girl's face. She was listening to Wrاندall and replying in monosyllables, but that she was aware of the other woman's abstraction was not for an instant to be doubted. Suddenly, after a quick glance at Sara's face, she looked squarely into Booth's eyes, and he saw in hers an expression of actual concern. If not alarm.

Leslie was in the middle of a sentence when Sara laughed aloud, without excuse or reason. The next instant she was looking from one to the other in a dazed sort of way, as if coming out of a dream.

Wrاندall turned scarlet. There had been nothing in his remarks to call for a laugh, he was quite sure of that. Flushing slightly, she murmured something about having thought of an amusing story, and begged him to go on; she wouldn't be rude again.

He had little rest for continuing the subject and unobtrusively disposed of it in a word or two.

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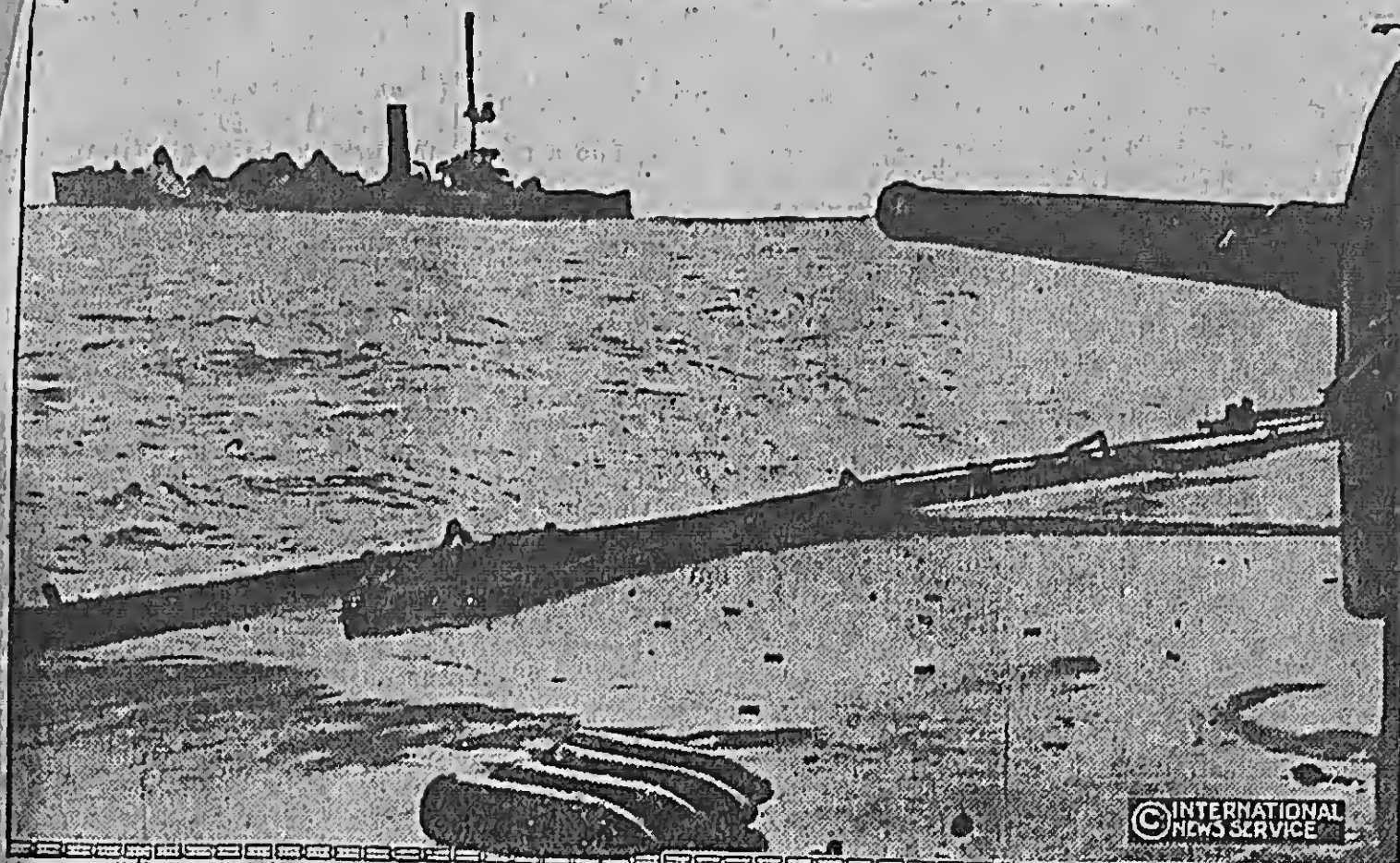
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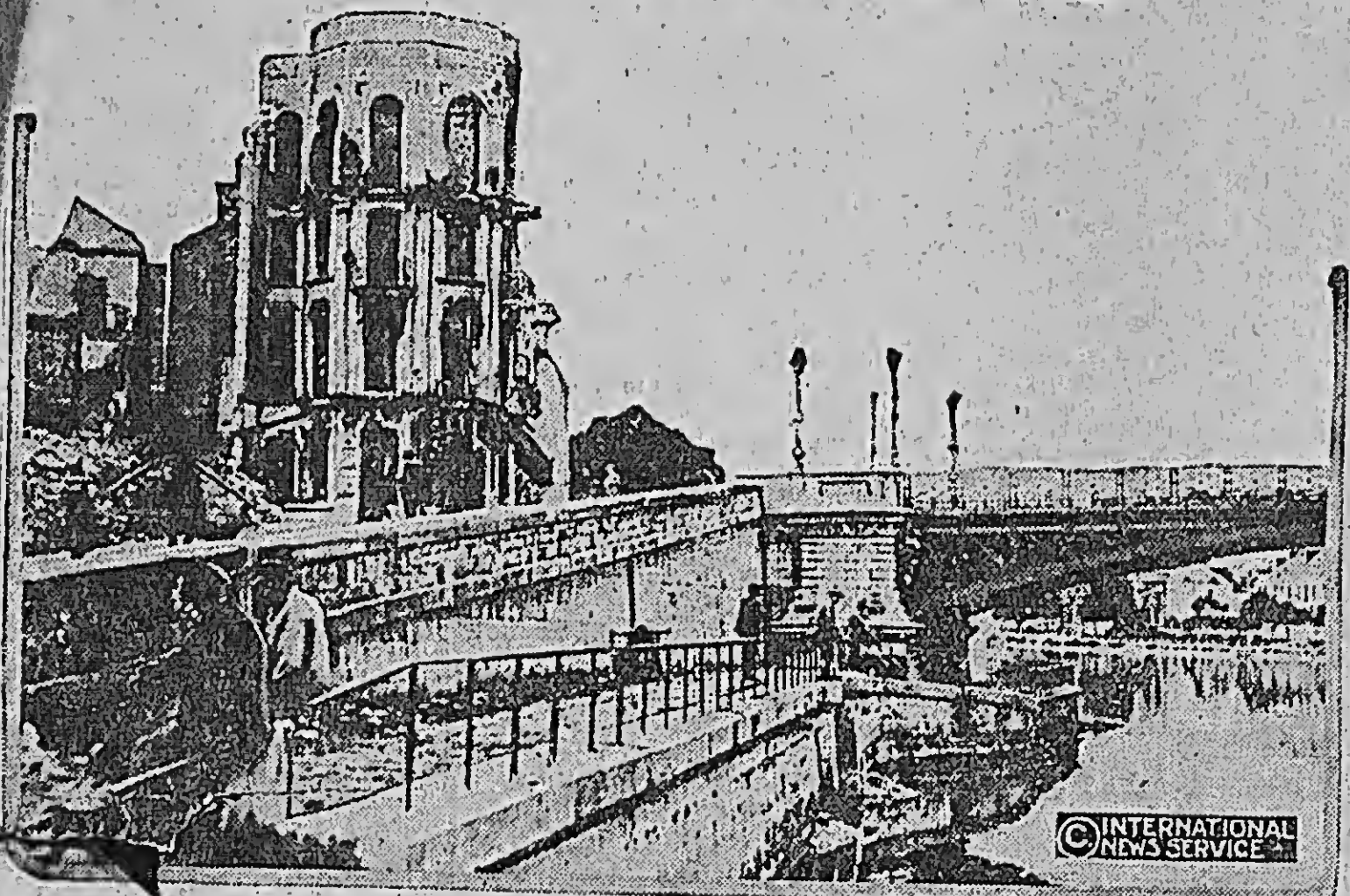
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SINKING THE GERMAN CRUISER MAINZ



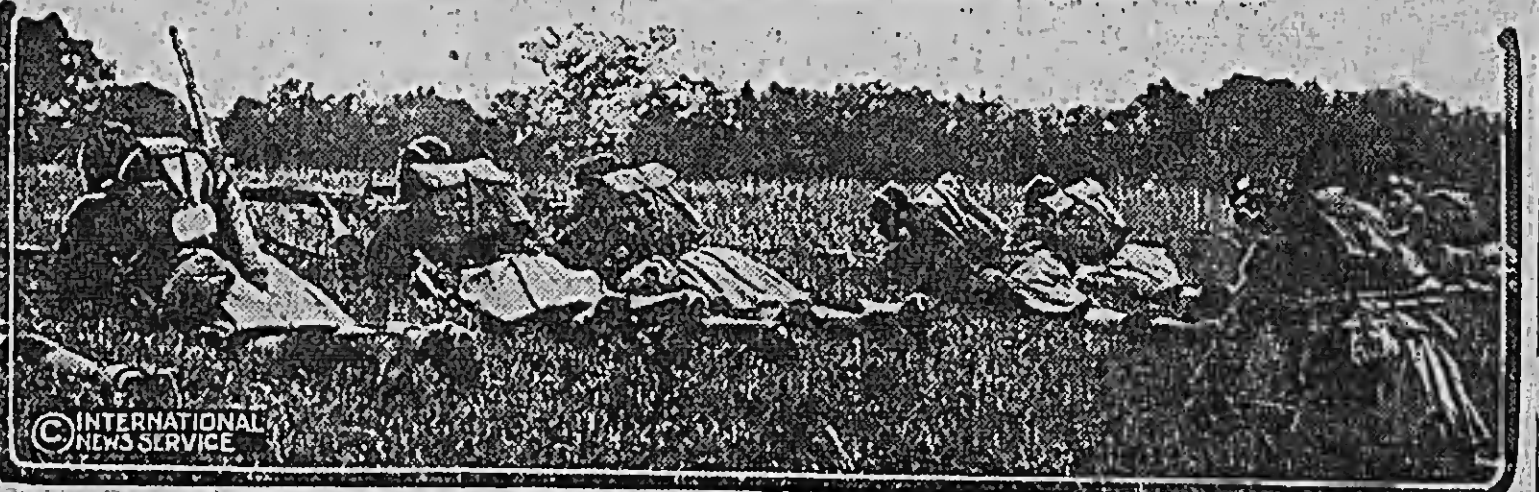
This photograph, taken from a British cruiser, shows the German cruiser Mainz sinking during the naval engagement off Helgoland. Her two funnels and two of her masts had been shot away.

SCENE IN DINANT AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION



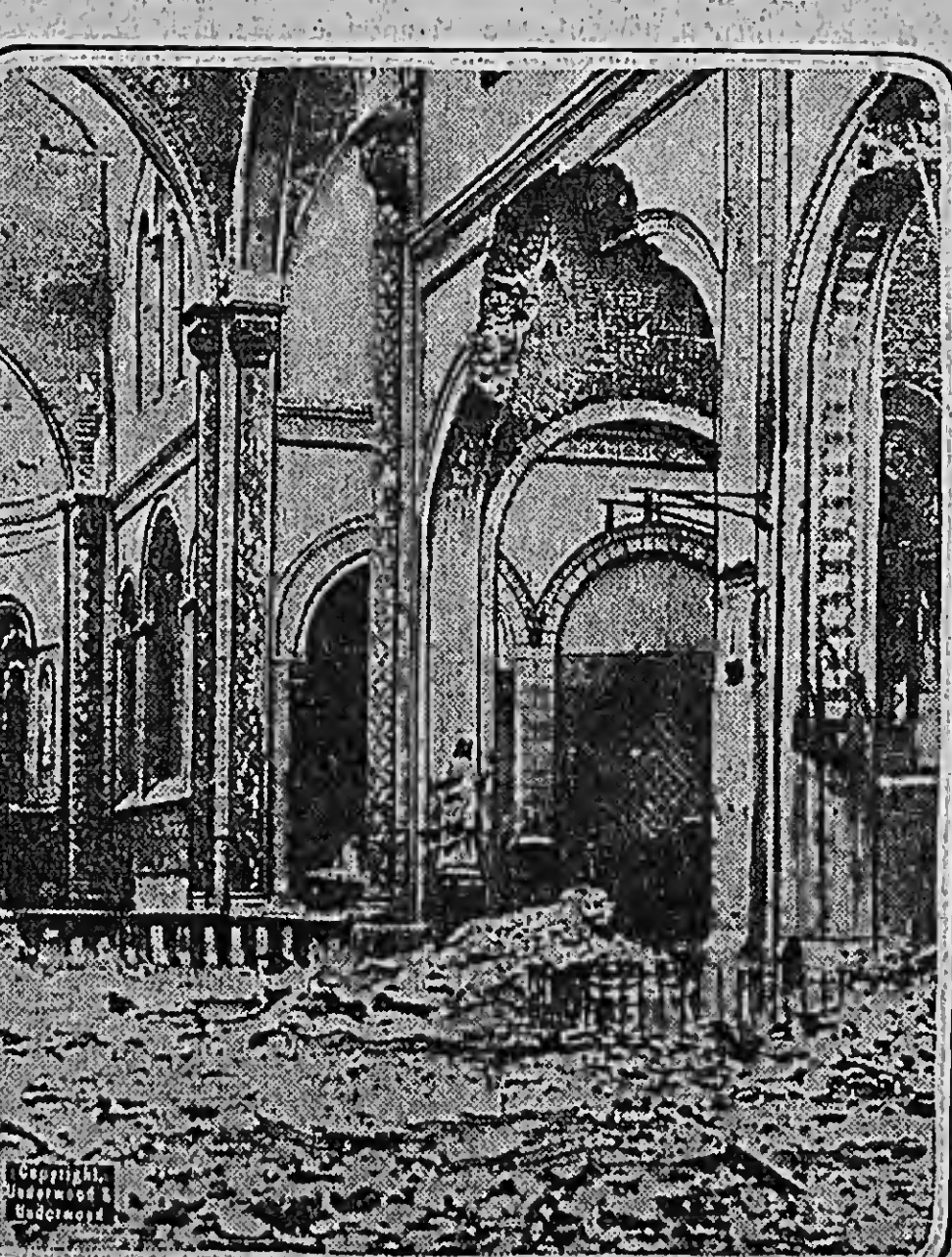
Part of Dinant as it appeared after the Germans had shelled it. The building on the left was a large hotel and, like all the other structures in the city, was destroyed. Near the bridge are seen some German soldiers fishing.

BRITISH HIGHLANDERS ON THE FIRING LINE



Photograph taken during one of the battles in northern France, showing Highlanders on the firing line, the enemy being concealed in the woods.

CATHEDRAL OF MONS IN RUINS



The interior of the cathedral at Mons after the Germans had shelled and occupied that city.

PROUD PRIVATE LANGE



Private Lange of the Twelfth regiment of the Belgian army holding the order issued by King Albert conveying to him the decoration of Chevalier of the First Order of Leopold. This honor was conferred for his wonderful feat at Horstal where he captured the flag of the Ninetieth German Infantry, killing a colonel and 11 soldiers in the encounter.

PRAY FOR PEACE

MILLIONS IN UNITED STATES PETITION GOD TO END EUROPEAN WAR.

PRESIDENT GOES TO CHURCH

Secretary of State Tells Audience in New York That Conflict in the Great East Calamity the World Has Ever Known.

Washington, Oct. 6.—Led by President Wilson, the people of the United States devoted Sunday to supplication to God to put an end to the war which has convulsed the eastern and shaken the western hemisphere.

Responding to the proclamation of the president, millions of men, women and children sent up their prayers to the Almighty to instill a desire for peace into the hearts of the warring nations.

Reports from other parts of the country are to the effect that all records for church attendance were broken.

As an effort to bring about peace the spectacle of the nation in prayer was an impressive one.

In Washington such a day of churchgoing has not been observed in many years. The churches were crowded to capacity and in many the peace prayers were repeated at several services.

The cabinet members who are in the city attended their respective churches.

New York, Oct. 6.—A special detail of police was necessary to handle the crowd that was unable to gain entrance to the Peace Sunday services of police was necessary to handle the in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, where Secretary of State Bryan was the principal speaker. Before the time set for the opening of the services the place was filled with a gathering of Christians and Jews, who united in prayer for world peace. Among the prominent persons present were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie.

Secretary Bryan was presented by Rev. Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, pastor of the tabernacle, and declared at the very outset that religion was the most fundamental thing in man's existence. He quoted Tolstol's comparison of religion with morality, declaring the former as that which was in a man, and morality as its outward expression. The same application, of religion, and morality should be made in the case of nations, he maintained.

"Today," continued Mr. Bryan, "we are face to face with the greatest calamity of history, begun just at a time when the peace forces were gathering for a final victory. And as we pray to Jehovah for peace, more men are in arms and anxious to try conclusions with the enemy according to the methods of war than the world has ever before known."

Referring to the peace treaties successfully negotiated by him, he said that they were based on the theory that commerce was the normal expression of human activity.

"Man's plans must be carried out when he is calm, not when he is angry," said he. "It is the plan of our government to deal with other nations at a time when an appeal can be made to conscience, judgment and to moral sense. That time is not when either nation involved is angry."

Following out this thought he pointed out that no man can be found today who will acknowledge responsibility for the present war. None of the nations involved will defend the idea of war and none desires to be held responsible for it.

FIFTY MINERS ARE RESCUED

Telephone Directs Men Near Death in Missouri Shaft How to Escape.

Joplin, Mo., Oct. 3.—Fifty men narrowly escaped being entombed when the workings of the American mine caved in. About ten acres of ground caved in, carrying with it the powder magazine, oil hoist, sledge mill and a residence. The 50 men were working 250 feet under the surface. Newton Kethley, foreman, using a telephone to the surface, advised the rescuing party as to the location of the men. All were directed to go to shaft No. 7 to get out. Eight were seriously injured.

Fighter Dies After Bout.

San Francisco, Oct. 3.—"Bill" Huddle, a young pugilist fighting at 143 pounds, died from injuries he received here in a six-round bout with Arthur ("Knockout") Carroll. Huddle was floored in the first round and again in the sixth. While dressing, Huddle collapsed and never regained consciousness. Bert McCallough, the referee, Carroll and Gregory Mitchell, the matchmaker, were arrested.

Admits Cholera in Germany.

London, Oct. 6.—A Reuter dispatch from Rome says that the North German Gazette, official organ of the German government, admits that cholera has developed in Germany as well as in Austria.

Britain to Raise More Cash.

London, Oct. 6.—Readers will be relieved by the Bank of England for six months' treasury bills to the amount of £15,000,000 (\$75,000,000) in amounts of £1,000, £5,000 and £10,000.

CARRANZA TO REMAIN

GENERALS VOTE TO REFUSE LEADER'S RESIGNATION.

Threatens Villa With 100,000 Troops—Chief of Rebels Ready to Start Hostilities.

Junrez, Mexico, Oct. 6.—All negotiations for a peaceful settlement of the Villa-Carranza quarrel have been declared off by General Villa and the adjustment of Mexico's differences will be shot and shell.

Following the announcement from Mexico City that Carranza's generals will not consent to his resignation as first chief of the constitutionists, Gen. Francisco Villa resumed active preparations for a campaign against Mexico City. The conference at Aguas Calientes, if held at all, will not change the state of affairs. This is admitted by Villa men.

Carranza reaccepted the chief magistracy. In his brief speech Carranza thanked the assembly for the confidence it reposed in him.

Charging that the rebellion was instigated "by the so-called científicos and our conquered enemies," Carranza declared he would not submit "to a group of chiefs who have forgotten the fulfillment of their duty and to a group of civilians to whom the nation owes nothing."

"We have 100,000 men well armed, artillery and machine guns, and also we have right and justice, which are invincible, on our side."

Carranza said that it was his duty to "fix the responsibility of the rebellion of General Villa, which is nothing but a plot instigated by the so-called científicos and some of the conquered factions."

The delegates from Oaxaca left the chamber. They swore that they would fight in the name of civilization against brutal military aggression.

From Chihuahua came advices that Villa has given up all hope of averting war with Carranza, and that he has feared all along that Carranza would insist upon his generals refusing his resignation. As quickly as the men and ammunition can be loaded on trains at Torreón they will be sent south by Villa. It is said in Chihuahua that an attack on Monterey will be made by Villa with a detachment of his army, but that the main army will move rapidly to the south.

IMPORTANT NEWS ITEMS

Washington, Oct. 1.—The peace commission treaty between the United States and Russia will be signed here today by Secretary Bryan and the Russian ambassador.

Savannah, Ga., Oct. 3.—The British steamer Concord which cleared for Liverpool and went aground on Tybee bar during a heavy sea, was released by the high tide and continued her journey. The vessel apparently suffered no damage.

Newmarket, England, Oct. 3.—The Jockey club stakes of \$50,000 were won by Troistemps. Hnosse was second and Rattlejack third. Eleven ran.

New York, Oct. 3.—Frederick C. Tanner, Republican leader of the Twenty-fifth assembly district, was elected Republican state chairman to succeed William Barnes of Albany. Just before the nomination was made Ogden L. Mills, the only avowed candidate for the office, withdrew his candidature.

PETRAS FOUND NOT GUILTY

Jury Returns Verdict in Kane County Murder Case—No New Evidence Introduced.

Geneva, Ill., Oct. 5.—Anthony Petras was found not guilty of Theresa Holland's murder by twelve Kane county citizens in Judge Carnes' court.

Holding his young wife in his arms, Tony, listened to the one sentence which restored him his freedom. He kissed her when the words were read and Mrs. Petras laughed joyfully. With the jury's verdict the mystery of the Holland girl's death slipped back again into the grim shadow of St. Nicholas cemetery, where her body, clubbed and bleeding, was found on the night of February 16.

The state's first effort to fasten the crime upon Petras resulted in an 11 to 1 disagreement in favor of his acquittal early in July. No new evidence was produced against Petras in the second trial.

Park Whipple, the foreman of the jury, said: "You may say that the first ballot stood at least 9 to 3 for acquittal, and that four ballots were all that were taken. We reached the verdict at 10:30 o'clock last night, and in acquitting Petras believe we have done our duty according to the law and the evidence in the case."

Lawmaker's Wife Is Hurt.

Washington, Oct. 6.—Mrs. Thomas Hardwick, wife of Representative Hardwick of Georgia, had a remarkable escape from death when her electric automobile skidded over an embankment in Rock Creek park.

War Costly to France.

Paris, Oct. 6.—The war is costing France \$7,000,000 a day. Minister of Finance Alexandre Ribot announced Saturday that the outlay for the first 60 days of the conflict had been \$420,000,000.

W. L. DOUGLAS

MEN'S & WOMEN'S SHOES \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4, \$4.50, \$5, \$5.50, \$6, \$6.50, \$7, \$7.50, \$8, \$8.50, \$9, \$9.50, \$10, \$10.50, \$11, \$11.50, \$12, \$12.50, \$13, \$13.50, \$14, \$14.50, \$15, \$15.50, \$16, \$16.50, \$17, \$17.50, \$18, \$18.50, \$19, \$19.50, \$20, \$20.50, \$21, \$21.50, \$22, \$22.50, \$23, \$23.50, \$24, \$24.50, \$25, \$25.50, \$26, \$26.50, \$27, \$27.50, \$28, \$28.50, \$29, \$29.50, \$30, \$30.50, \$31, \$31.50, \$32, \$32.50, \$33, \$33.50, \$34, \$34.50, \$35, \$35.50, \$36, \$36.50, \$37, \$37.50, \$38, \$38.50, \$39, \$39.50, \$40, \$40.50, \$41, \$41.50, \$42, \$42.50, \$43, \$43.50, \$44, \$44.50, \$45, \$45.50, \$46, \$46.50, \$47, \$47.50, \$48, \$48.50, \$49, \$49.50, \$50, \$50.50, \$51, \$51.50, \$52, \$52.50, \$53, \$53.50, \$54, \$54.50, \$55, \$55.50, \$56, \$56.50, \$57, \$57.50, \$58, \$58.50, \$59, \$59.50, \$60, \$60.50, \$61, \$61.50, \$62, \$62.50, \$63, \$63.50, \$64, \$64.50, \$65, \$65.50, \$66, \$66.50, \$67, \$67.50, 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RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Mrs. Gilmore of Waukegan visited recently with her sister here.

Mrs. Calugi of Whitewater is visiting her daughter Mrs. Carl Miller.

Frank Strang made a business trip to Racine last week. He went by auto.

E. A. Wilton, Norman Burnett and Jas. Atwell made a trip to Elgin Sunday by auto.

C. B. Hamlin and family and Miss Alice Larson took an auto trip to Zion City Sunday.

John Phillippi started Sunday for his home in Northern Wisconsin, the first in five years.

Mrs. Carl Miller has been confined to her home by illness the past week, but is on the gain.

Paul Avery and wife and Albert Kapple motored to Chicago Saturday returning Monday.

Mrs. Chas. Palmer of Evanston spent the week here, having been called here by the death of Mrs. Jane Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Poulton entertained their sister, Miss Villa Larson of Antioch and friend of Chicago one day last week.

Mrs. Jane Palmer suffered a stroke of paralysis last week, from the effects of which she passed away early Monday morning at the home of her daughter Mrs. E. Thayer. Funeral was held Wednesday afternoon, with burial in the Angola cemetery, beside her husband who preceded her several years ago. Obituary next week.

HICKORY

Mrs. Tom Edwards spent Thursday at Hickory.

Mr. Holdorf of Wilmet was here on Saturday.

David Pullen and wife spent Sunday at Wilmet.

Ed Wells and wife spent last Wednesday in Kenosha.

Leeta Savage visited over Sunday at Grandmother King's.

Mr. and Mrs. Olson entertained company from Chicago Sunday.

The Cemetery society will meet on Thursday, Oct. 15, at the church. Dinner will be served by Mrs. Boylan and Mrs. Grimm.

George Kennedy and wife and Austin Savage, wife and daughter Irene autoed to Hebron Sunday.

SILVER LAKE

Chas. Harm was a caller here Monday.

Ben Prosser was in Antioch Wednesday.

Wedding bells may ring here before long.

Emil Johnson has gone to Waukesha to work.

J. F. Witt has purchased the Jepson property.

Misses Laura and Barbara Fleuker were Burlington shoppers Tuesday.

A large crowd attended the basket social given by the young people of Holy Name church, Tuesday evening. \$75 was realized.

SALEM

W. Karos moved his family to Kenosha Thursday.

The Misses Hartnells are entertaining company.

A number of hunter were out to the lakes Sunday.

C. Cornwell and wife left Monday for Hall City, Florida.

B. Boulden and wife of Grayslake visited here Sunday.

Fred Smith of California visited his brother here last week.

M. Acker and wife entertained relatives from Woodstock and Hebron on Sunday.

J. VanAlstine and wife were pleasantly surprised Wednesday night in honor of their 40th wedding anniversary.

The Simple Life.
After a farmer retires from active work he spends the balance of his life helping his wife with the family washing.—Louisville Times.

WILMOT

Mrs. O'Malley is quite sick.

Ray Kinrade was home over Sunday.

Mr. Lewis spent Sunday at Spring Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Shales visited here Sunday.

Art Hessler was in Burlington last Thursday.

Fred Sherman has a new Jeffery automobile.

Mr. and Mrs. Pullen of Hickory was here Sunday.

Dr. Prouty of Burlington made a call here Thursday.

Miss Ethel Wright was a Chicago passenger Saturday.

Walter Carey and family motored to Waukegan last Sunday.

Miss Grace Carey was a Chicago passenger last Wednesday.

Harley Benedict and wife called on friends here Wednesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schenning last Friday a daughter.

Geo. Faulkner and wife autoed to Lake Geneva last Saturday.

R. Shottliff had dental work done in Antioch the first of the week.

Earl Munor and wife of Hebron were seen on our streets last week.

Mrs. Panknin and Mrs. Walch were Burlington shoppers Saturday.

A number of our young people took in the dance at Bristol last Friday.

Mrs. Spitzbarth and Mrs. Holdorf were Burlington shoppers Tuesday.

Frank Kruckman entertained company from Richmond last Sunday.

Miss Fern Boughton of Hebron is visiting her sister, Mrs. Guy Loftus.

A number from here attended the funeral Mrs. Ed Bassett last Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Faulkner and Mrs. Darby visited with Mrs. Bruel last Thursday.

Mrs. Jim Carey and Mrs. Dobyns of Trevor were Silverlake callers Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn, Mr. Wright and family made a trip to Racine last week.

Miss Bernice Peacock has been out of school the past week on account of sickness.

RUSSELL

Henry Gunderson is out again.

Miss Flox Dixon returned to Gurnee Sunday.

There will be a dance at Russell Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Pittman have moved to Moline, Illinois.

Miss Minnie Reeves is attending school at DeKalb.

There will be another race meeting at Ideal park Sunday.

Mr. Northrop entertained company from Chicago Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Newell Taylor and three sons visited here Friday.

Frank Demock of Eagle, Wis., made a business trip here Monday.

John Corris and family expect to spend a week with Mr. and Mrs. Osborne at Kilburn, Wis.

WAS WOMAN OF GREAT CHARM

Empress Josephine One of the Most Remarkable Personages of Historical Record.

While the Empress Josephine had one million francs a year for her private purse, it is a well-known fact that she was always in debt, and while this led to stormy scenes with Napoleon, and beyond doubt she had an extravagant wardrobe, it must not be supposed that she spent this sum entirely upon herself, as it is estimated that she supported more than two thousand poor people in addition to helping many needy aristocrats who had suffered under the revolution.

It is said that she owned several hundred hats and bonnets which were peculiarly becoming to her, and paid her hairdresser six thousand francs a year. Of course, the preservation of her wonderful charm caused the spending of many hours a day in her boudoir, from which all but a few favorite waiting women were excluded. So successful was she in addition to her own wonderful personality, that at the age of forty, and a grandmother, when arrayed in a simple white mousseline and a string of pearls, her husband exclaimed at her loveliness and said he would be jealous.

HIGH SCHOOL REPORT

Following is the list of pupils that have been neither absent nor tardy:

High school, 27 pupils enrolled—Anna Drom, Leland Watson, Charles Moran, Russell Smith, Ernst Cox, Daniel Lewis, Jannette Wallace, Pearl Harrower, Marie Johannott, Ruth Pollock, Laurel Powers, Walter Forbrich and Medelyn Strang. Eighth grade—Lucile Mathews, Edna Richards, Gladys Panowski, Ruth Kinrade, Irene Savage, Mabel Barthel, Margaret Drom, Raymond Taylor, Leland Girard, Frank Powles, Merrill Sablin.

Grade seven—Carl Barthel, Grace Drom, Orville Haycock, Irene Keulman, Vera Kinrade, Elsie Panowski, Genevieve Pierce, Virginia Radtke, Alonzo Runyard, Marguerite Savage, Lena Spafford.

Grade six—Edwin Drom, Myrtle Hayes, Gerald Pierce, Maurice Radtke, Jessie Runyard, Frank Spanggard, Mona Taylor.

Grade Five—John Beebe, Prescilla Conrad Willard Chinn, Edward Girard, Valieta Hanueman, Geo. Keulman, Phyllis Morley, Wesley Wertz, Genevieve Wille.

Grade four—Antoinette Smart, Stella Brownell, Elmo Volkman, Reulah Harrison, Anna Fairman, Leoto Savage, Letho LaPlant, Marion Spanggard, Letho Richards, Lucille Huber Russell, Keulman, Howard Spafford, John Fairman, Gordon Ames.

Grade Three—Richard Kaye, Albert Hermen, Laurence Van Patten, Henry Olson, Vernon Girard, Artie Larson, Geo. Feltham, Ardis Grimm, Albert Tiffany, Elmer Dibble.

First and Second Grades—Margaret Dunn, Wesley Conrad, Edith Edgar, Marguerite Grice, Reginald Stixrud, Antonel and Rosa Heitler, Myrtle Norman, Clare and Ruth Armstrong, Olive Dibble, Ennce Hill, Aretas Keulman, Arthur Wertz, Charles Alvers, Martha Hillebrand, Gladys Barthel, Myrtle Peterson, Ruth and Lillian Hanke.

RECORD OF PAGANS IGNORED

March of Events Brought Forth the Christian Saint as the Personal Ideal.

The transition from pagan to medieval thinking is marked by the introduction of Christian ideals and the ascendancy of the organized church, asserts a writer in the Engineering Magazine. The Roman citizen, animated by the sense of human dignity, had cultivated a quick assertion of rights and a quick resentment of wrongs. The Christian priest, humiliated by a sense of sin, now ascended the depths of self-sacrifice and bodily mortification. The hordes of barbarian invaders who exterminated the martially inclined Romans ignored the humble early Christian bishops, and permitted them to possess themselves of the administrative plan of the fallen empire, and organize their church upon it.

Learning also felt into the hands of the church, so that soon the story of ancient virtue was real only in monasteries where, viewed as the record of pagans, it fell coldly upon minds filled with the doctrine of humus depravity, and cramped into a barren dialectic by the limits which religious dogma imposed. And so, within the precincts of the church, in the hermit's retreat and in protected monasteries and nunneries, the image of the pagan hero faded into the background and that of the Christian saint was installed as the personal ideal.

TREES ON THE SAND HILLS

Region That Was Useless May Be Made Productive by Common Sense Methods.

Every one knows that France has saved her southwest department from the curse of drifting sands by planting pine trees, and that Germany has tamed some of the poorest soil in Europe to human service by the same methods. But how many Americans, even of those who claim to be well informed, realize that a similar work on at least as great a scale is being performed by our own government in the sand-hill regions of Nebraska?

In this district, where the real estate moves back and forth with every change in the wind, Uncle Sam's forest rangers are planting trees. They are planting their faith to the fact that, as being best adapted to standing the severe conditions of tree life in that country, and about a thousand acres are set to these useful trees each year. When they began this work, nine trees out of every ten trees planted died. Now, the rangers have perfected their technique till almost nine out of ten trees live; and though the work is only a dozen years old, it is already transforming a considerable region.

Enthusiastic foresters figure out a fine net profit for the government at the end of 20 years. One can not help suspecting that most of this profit will evaporate, but that is, after all, the smallest part of the matter. The main thing is that a region which was useless and a menace is being put to service, and that the way is being shown for state and private enterprise of the same nature on a still larger scale.

GETTING HIM STARTED

By GRACE HOGE.

Skelly emitted a sound like that of an unmuffled motor. Then he slammed down his glass and gasped like a fish out of water.

"I'll be dogged if I will!" said he.

Mrs. Skelly did not move an eyelash. "The class meets at the Finches," she proceeded, "and your Tuxedo will be all right."

"Dancing class at my age?" Skelly roared. "Why not marbles? Me tie myself up in bowknots doing the tango when I ought to be dandling my grandchildren on my knee telling them stories of the war?"

"You haven't any grandchildren, and as your son is only fourteen, you don't have to worry about that for a while," remarked Mrs. Skelly. "And there is no sense in our being back numbers when every one else is doing such things. And I want to learn the one-step tonight. It is great fun. Besides, I promised that I'd join."

"Why did I ever get married?" Skelly demanded hotly of the chifforon, as he laced himself in the Tuxedo. "Why doesn't a man ever appreciate his freedom when he has it, I'd like to know? Why didn't I stay down town with Powell when he asked me, instead of coming home to pass a happy evening in the bosom of my family? Dragged out of my comfortable chair to make an idiot of myself!"

"The electric has come," said Mrs. Skelly, peering from the window.

"Come, Arthur."

"What chance has a man got, say now?" Skelly demanded furiously of five other men in the dressing room at the Finches. "No chance at all!" The other five agreed unanimously and gloomily.

"I feel like a fool," Skelly said, as they surged in before the teacher with their wives. "I think age should be disfigured. Any pictures of the tango that I've seen show the people climbing chandeliers or sliding on their shoulder blades. I put it to you, Emily, would I look well sliding on my shoulder blades? Would you like to have our son see me doing it?"

"Miss Grippy," interposed Mrs. Skelly sweetly at this point in the monologue, "my husband, Mr. Skelly."

"Some looker," commented Skelly, with a show of interest. "Is she to teach us? Why didn't you intimate something to that effect sooner? Cracking good ankles, hasn't she?"

"Arthur," said Mrs. Skelly severely, "you're supposed to be listening to what she's saying!"

"All speech is not verbal," insisted Skelly. "What's that she is saying about a grapevine? It sounds complicated."

The rest of the class managed to master the grapevine step shortly, but Skelly had a terrible time. It was necessary for Miss Grippy to give him a special, personal lesson twice before he permitted the class to go on to the second movement of the one-step.

"One-two-three-four," he gasped to Mrs. Skelly. "Are these curls flowing over my shoulder, and do I see my nurse waiting for me in the hall with my tippet and overboots? Look at Finch grabbing the teacher for a simple one-two-three-four—I won't stand for such monopoly! Teacher's pet! I want her to show me the drag step!"

"Anybody with sense could do the drag step without being shown," growled Finch. "If you think this one-step is so hard, watch me going to do when it comes to the tango? There are 64 steps and I but you never learn 'em!"

"Bet I do!" said Skelly warmly. "I don't know that you and the others have anything on me when it comes to a simple matter of memory! Why, I was the best dancer in the crowd when I was a boy! Took up every new dance the minute it came out, and I guess these new fangled things aren't very different from the old! Learn 'em? Pooh! Bet I get the tango down before you and the other fellows have had time to cross your feet once! And at that I'll bet you'll cross 'em the wrong way!"

"Oh, show your brag!" said Finch. "Watch me! Light on my feet—what?"

"Can't learn it! Pooh!" Skelly said to Mrs. Skelly on the way home. "Why, did you hear what Miss Grippy said to me? Said I was getting the one-step better than any one else in the class! Isn't there another lesson for a week? I think that's too long a time to wait. Don't you? Say, Emily, what are you laughing at?"

Wireless Waves Soothe Birds.

Wireless telegraphy has done much for us, and probably—rather surely will—do a great deal more for the benefit of humanity at large. But, if they could speak, many birds would probably tell you that they don't approve of this new invention in the least. For in the parts of the world where there are a large number of wireless stations observations have been made which seem to indicate that birds are disturbed in a very curious way by the wireless waves. The unoffending seagull is one of the chief sufferers, as also is the harmless dove. This strange state of things is attributed in some way to an effect of the other waves, though how it is brought about is not yet understood. Answers.

MOUSIE THE MANICURIST

By C. L. CULLEN.

(Copyright.)
Mousie Mildred broke into a merry little muffled laugh. She had been silently intent upon my nails for quite some time.

The sudden outburst of subdued yet bubbling mirth surprised me. I asked her about it.

"Oh, nuthin'," she replied. I insisted.

"Well," said she, pausing for a moment to polish her suborn hair red head sideways, and to glance up at me with artless archness from that angle, "I lose, that's all!"

There was nothing elucidatory about that cryptic phrase. So I inquired again.

"Lose what?" I asked her.

"Oh, nuthin' to get the gurgly goller about," replied Mousie Mildred; jabbing at the refractory cuticle with the orange stick. "I drop a little bet that I make with myself about you when you limp in, that's all; but seeln' that it was only one o' them mind bets, I don't have to ease any hard-gonged kale to the hand-book, and so it's all right; there's no harm did."

"But what was the nature of the bet?"

"I hate to tell yuh," she replied, going after an imaginary hang-nail with the cuticle scissors, "because you're one o' them zigs—I mean gents—that's a hull lot more dignified than they look."

"If I tried to tell yuh about the bet I tried to put over with myself you might get sore, as a stockyards sweeper and a rt in to raze the plant to the ground and fire a volley over the remains."

I reassured her as to that, and again urged her to unfold the character of her wager with herself.

"Well," said she, bestowing another dazzling upward glance upon me out of the corner of her wood-violet eyes, "it's this way, seeln' that you're plin' me to the stick and nicksin' me for what's inside my think-dish."

"When you come in, a while ago, and lapped around the tables, and piped me takin' a peek at you, and then come 'browsin' over to my table here, I made one o' them 35-cent mind bets with myself that you was one o' them oh-yuh-bahesky-doll kind, that'd hardly pass your mits over to be made human lookin' before you'd begin to slip me that 'Do you like the theater, Aspasia?' line o' Castilian con, and then get busy guessin' whether I liked the way they dish up spaghetti at Dufrant's, or would I prefer to tool out to Foodmanston Inn in a chug-chap, and poke provender into my maize al fresco, with the birdies twitterin' tweet-tweet in the trees, and all nature smilin' like a front-row gell on the end of the line aslant a Pittsburgh steel magnet in box A."

"That's the way I have you tucked away in the back of my bean when you squat in front of my bench, and that's the bet I made. 'Y' ain't mad over my tellin' yuh, are yuh?' You sat me, and I had to unseel it."

Again I reassured her, and she proceeded:

"Yuh can't always tell about a zeb—I mean a gent—that's there with that town-tease, hamlet-holden, oh-such-larks look about him when he first breezes into a milt-maison and does the hurry pipe aroun' the tables to sort over the lookers."

"You ain't the first gamble I lose with myself tryin' to pick 'em right on the blow-in, nor the twentieth, when it comes to that."

"I'm just as often Little Lucy the Loser when I try to pull that read-'em quick numbuh as any o' the rest o' the claw-pollahin' dolls scattered aroun' these works."

"We all get in German just as often as we dope 'em right. As I was sayin', I handicapped you for one o' them stout—just stout enough—cut-ups that'd be purrin' the old numbuh nine bunk into my pinkie-winkle listenare long before you lifted your paws out of the soakin' pan. Says I to myself, 'This keg—I mean gent—will be dakin' one o' them cochinel-red-ink feeds at the Cafe de Noah's Ark at me before I have time to find out whether he bites his nails.'"

"I'm Jerry to it now that you wouldn't kite a claw-trimmin' doll to a wop or any other kind of a tanh-dote for the hull lower half o' the island on account o' belin' fraid o' what might come off later when the family was hepped to it."

Unwelcome Invitation.

Donald, aged four, had been kept at home for some time for fear of catching the whooping cough, so one afternoon, after much pleading with his mamma, he was permitted to take a little outing. While sitting on a bench in the park a child sat down beside him, who at once began to cough violently. Donald's mother watched him away quickly and immediately started for home. Donald was quite silent on the homeward journey, but just as soon as he stepped inside of the door of his home he exclaimed excitedly to his sisters: "O, kids! What do you think? I got invited to the whooping cough today!"

TROUBLES OF A DOG

By CARL SALOMON.

Blair had just pulled on his coat and was on the point of leaving the cafe, when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and a heavy voice shouted his ear, "Hello, Jenkins! Gotta meet with the boys tonight!"

He turned and faced a jovial looking man whom he did not remember having ever seen before. "Who do you think I am?" he snapped. "My name is Blair."

The other looked surprised, then sheepish. "Scuse me," he apologized. "I thought you were a friend of mine. You're just his bulld. But, come to look closer, your hair is darker than his."

Haughtily Blair stalked out, having gathered an unfavorable impression of his double from the unpolished manner of his professed friend. Further, it rather galled him not to be able to choose his own double, for Blair prided himself on his irreproachable character of his friends, as well as on his own impeccability.

He soon forgot the matter, however, and was thoroughly surprised a few days later, when he was again accosted by a stranger. He was hanging by the strap of a crowded elevated train, when some one at his elbow murmured, "Say, Henry, could you lend me a ten-spot? I'm broke."

Now, Henry is Blair's first name. He looked about sharply, but when he saw the man who had spoken he paid no further heed. But the voice persisted. "You ain't goin' to turn down an old friend are you?" There was reproach, nay, grief, in the tones.

Blair looked down and into the pleading face of a stabby little old man who was evidently a down-at-the-heel, musty old sport.

"What do you mean," he exploded, "by asking me to lend you money? I never saw you before?"

The sporty person opened his red rimmed eyes wide with surprise. "Say, honest, I thought you was Jenkins," he explained. "You're the dead image of him. Only—I guess, his face is kinder redder'n yourn."

Blair's opinion of Jenkins immediately grew many shades darker, and to the same extent he felt himself insulted. From the several encounters and from the various greetings he had received he surmised that Jenkins and his friends were not of the elite, as Blair liked to think that he and his were.

One day at noon he entered one of the parlors of a downtown hotel, where he had agreed to meet Mrs. Blair. Before he even caught sight of his wife in the opposite corner of the room, too fashionably attired, a woman arose from a davenport near the door and addressed him.

"Now, Henry, you might've come sooner. I've been waiting—"

Blair looked unconcerningly at her. His discomfort lasted but a moment, however, for she interrupted herself with an exclamation of distress. "Oh, beg pardon, I thought you was Mr. Jenkins, a gentleman friend of mine. Stopped me, for his eyes are brown."

There was a flash of annoyance in Blair's gray eyes as he crossed over to his wife. "I seem to have a double," he told her, "though his hair, eyes and face do not quite match mine. Besides, unlike me, he's not punctual. I'm going to wait here and find out whether my double and I resemble each other."

Shortly thereafter a burly but quiet, inoffensive looking man hastened into the parlor and greeted the damsel on the davenport. She took his arm coyly, and whispered something that caused her escort to look inquiringly over toward Blair. If he expected a genial response from the latter the cold glance that met him must have been a disappointment.

"Well, do we look anything alike?" Blair asked his wife.

"Certainly not," Mrs. Blair held her aristocratic head high with indignation at the idea. "I suppose it's just a stupid story that you've invented."

"If I were trying to be funny I could think of something more humorous than that," said her husband, as they went on into the dining room.

"I should hope so. Yet, come to think of it, there is a certain likeness in your bearing. Besides, he wears the same peculiar cinnamon brown overcoat that you do."

"I'll give mine to the janitor tonight," declared Blair, as a load was removed from his mind.

Origin of the Argentine Flag.
Mr. Fraser, in telling of the origin of the Argentine flag says: "The optimistic patriotism of the American is tepid alongside the hot-blooded nationalism of Argentina. It is daily inaugurated in the schools; the blue-and-white striped flag is honored on every occasion. When the Argentines were in revolution against Spain in 1810, and needed a banner to flaunt against the red and orange of the enemy, they got pieces of blue and white cloth (intended for garments) from an English warship lying at Montevideo, and made a flag of it. So the Argentine flag, like much of Argentine prosperity, is due to Great Britain." Mr. Fraser holds that, in proportion to the population, there are as many millionaires in Argentina as in the United States.

Mutual Curiosity.

Fishermen—I wonder when that bricklayer'll lay that brick!
Bricklayers—I wonder when that fisherman'll catch a fish!—Humorist's Listy (Prague).